JULY 28 — AUG. 3, 1979

RS. 1.50

Weekly

COMPLIMENTARY COPY

SHELLEY HOMICK
CANADIAN BEAUTY QUEEN TURNS HINDI FILM HEROINE

AFTER THE PRIVY PURSES:
How Does Indian 'Royalty' Live Today?

PAPER PATTERN INSIDE
WRAP-AROUND TO

If you have a child who falls ill with alarming regularity, you must read this advertisement. It tells you how to guard your child against water-borne diseases.

As a parent of a growing child, the first question that comes to mind is: 'How can it be humanly possible?' How can a child be attacked by water-borne diseases, even after taking the trouble of boiling the drinking water. Yes, it does sound incredible. But sadly enough, it is true. Take for example, this extract from The Times of India dated May 4, 1977:
"Though no figures are available on infant deaths due to water-borne diseases, it is a well-known fact that children in the zero-to-five age-group form 17 per cent of the population, but they account for 40 per cent of the annual deaths."

Your children are under constant attack!

It is scientifically established that boiling water is insufficient

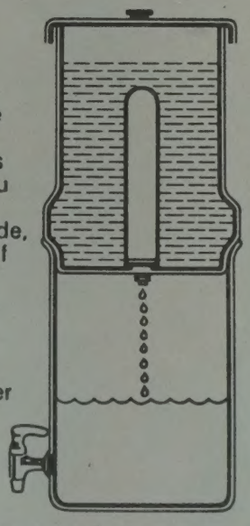
It's now an established fact that boiling alone is no longer safe. Boiling only kills germs, **but not spores.** You need something that rids you of both. For, spores are the resting stage of bacteria present in water. And even a temperature of 100 degrees C (the boiling point of water) has no real effect on them. A few hours after boiling, they are back in action again, contaminating the freshly boiled water.

Beware of the Matka!

Ask any scientist friend. He'll tell you. Even boiled water stored in matkas is dangerous. For matkas breed germs by the million, in their millions of earthenware pores. Why, even crystal clear water examined under the microscope shows bacteria which cause cholera, typhoid, dysentery, jaundice, gastroenteritis and other terrible diseases.

There must be a solution!

Don't worry! Serious as the problem is, the solution is really simple. Wise parents all over the country have adopted the Puritas Water Filter. As you can see in the illustration alongside, the filter consists of two chambers, candles and a tap. Water filled in the upper chamber, slowly and safely filters into the lower chamber through the candles.



The secret of the candles

The secret lies in the Puritas Candle, the first of its kind in India. All Puritas Candles are laboratory tested and certified by leading municipal authorities. These candles are made of a very special kind of earth called 'Kieselguhr' which is so precisely porous, it makes the ideal filtering material. In fact, **it filters out all germs and spores, providing you with 100% pure drinking water** in the lower chamber.

Where is the proof that Puritas gives 100% pure water?

We have proof. You are most welcome to come over to any of our offices in India and check photostat copies of actual laboratory test reports. You can also check the originals at our Head Office in Bombay—reports that prove without doubt that the Puritas Water Filter removes bacteria totally. Assuring you of water that is 100% free of germs and spores. 100% safe for your growing children and for you.

Take care of those you care for.

BALSARA'S PURITAS

BALSARA
—FOR MODERN AIDS TO BETTER LIVING

BALSARA & COMPANY (PRIVATE) LIMITED
43, Nagindas Master Road, Fort, Bombay 400 023.

Caution

Buy only genuine Puritas Water Filters for your own safety. Check the Puritas label on the upper chamber. See that the Puritas name and Registration No. 196501 are on the metal base of the candle.

CHAITRA-BLS-159

Now that you're a young girl you need the protection only CAREFREE* can give

CAREFREE is made with you in mind. It is the modern woman's answer to sanitary protection on those 5 days.

CAREFREE is a specially absorbent napkin that does away with the extra bulk you might otherwise have to wear. In fact, CAREFREE is so absorbent, a single napkin can retain up to half your total period's flow. But do change as often as you like for a fresher feeling.

And only CAREFREE has a plastic shield around the bottom and sides, to act as a three-way barrier against staining.

With CAREFREE you feel so comfortable, you forget what day of the month it is. No soak-through, no troublesome washing and drying.

CAREFREE is ready to use, so easy to change, so simple to dispose of. So hygienic.

Wear CAREFREE and be confident at all times.

Available in packs of 10 and 20 napkins.

Johnson & Johnson

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For mothers who care a little more, the more effective antiseptic.

® ICI Savlon

kills more germs–more kinds of germs–more effectively.

When your child has a cut, burn or abrasion, protect him with today's most effective antiseptic — Savlon.

Because Savlon destroys germs which others don't touch. It kills the dangerous Gram-positive type of germs and even the resistant Gram-negative germs, thus preventing sepsis and disease.

Change for the better. Change to Savlon. Gentle, soothing and powerful Savlon.

Today's most advanced antiseptic

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SHELLEY HOMICK

Born on February 8, 1960 in Windsor, Ontario, Canada. Took up a 10-month course in modelling after Grade 12. Chosen Miss Teen Canada in 1976. Got dozens of offers to model. Right now a model instructor at a modelling school in Toronto. Visual poise, fashion sense, photographic make-up and walking up and down the ramp are the main subjects. Acted in an Indian film made in Toronto, "Love in Canda", to be released shortly, but not keen on joining films. Wants to start a modelling school of her own.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

Location Courtesy: Oberoi Towers

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Inland Rs. 85. Foreign Rs. 127 (Sea Mail)

THIS WEEK

ROYAL REMINISCENCES

The era of kings and queens as active rulers of nations is gone. However, royal lifestyles are still fascinating to many. Some of our homespun "blue-bloods" talk about their memories of the good old days and their lifestyles today.
Page 10.

THE WIMBLEDON WOMEN

Thanks to Billie-Jean King and her demand for equal purses for men and women players, the importance of the women's tournaments at Wimbledon has been steadily increasing. A review of this year's Wimbledon women and their exploits
Page 42.

MAGNETIC CURES

Cleopatra used to wear a magnet on her forehead. Magnet therapists today believe that this was the main reason for her everlasting beauty and youth. How do magnets cure?
Page 28.

IS DIVORCE BAD FOR CHILDREN?

Even today, when divorce is no longer as taboo as it used to be, it is generally accepted that no one emerges from a divorce unscathed — neither the adults concerned, nor their children.
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ALSO

Artist of the Month: Indu Rastogi — **Page 17** Colour In Your Home: Batik wall-hangings — **Page 19** Decoration Tip: From the scrap-bag — **Page 22** Film Interview: Zarina Wahab — **Page 23** Women in Focus: Naira Ahmadullah — **Page 25** Paper Pattern Instructions — **Page 25** "My Darling Clementina": Part V — **Page 28** IYC Feature — **Page 40.**

REGULAR FEATURES

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Introducing
Rasna Food Flavours
A few drops change a simple dish to a special one

New Rasna Food Flavours are here! Just one drop of Rasna per serving changes an ordinary dish into an exciting one...giving it all the aroma of top-quality condiments!

New Rasna Food Flavours enhance the aroma and appetite appeal of a large variety of dishes and drinks: from pulaos and curries to kheer and puddings...from tea and coffee to sherbets and lassi. So you can give a special touch to every meal, every day.

Choose from a versatile range: elaichi, kesar-elaichi, clove, cinnamon, masala mix.

For greater aroma and extra appetite appeal, be sure to add Rasna Food Flavours only after your food is cooked.

OBM/3141

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

INSURANCE AGAINST INCEST

The International Year of the Child has brought forth much comment on the custom of child marriage in India. While such marriages, which are performed before the age of consent, are certainly reprehensible, it is worth noting that the custom ruins only girls and not the male children who are also involved. This shows that it is not the custom of child marriage alone that wreaks so much havoc, but the co-existence of the same with other vicious rules binding womanhood, like sending the girls away until they attain puberty and the taboo on divorce and widow remarriage which need to be broken.

The main reason behind child marriages is to ensure the virginity of the bride. This is surprising, considering that at the time when the system was introduced, girls hardly went out of the house, for them to come into contact with outsiders. That makes one suspect that the custom may have started with a view to prevent incest which had already become a forbidden phenomenon. Also, recent studies of psychologists indicate that in 60-70 per cent of cases of rape, the assailant is someone known to the victim and in a position to wield authority, and that the incident often takes place in the victim's home itself — this is one of the disadvantages of the joint family system.

Therefore, while we set about making efforts to abolish child marriages, it is, at the same-time, necessary to try and upgrade the moral and cultural level of our men to make them mature enough to be able to live with grown-up girls under the same roof, or else, we will be landing our young girls into further misery.

(NAME WITHELD)
Baroda

Maybe the incest theory has something in it...we cannot say for sure. But to retain child-marriages as a "safety valve" until men start "growing up" would be worse, much worse.

2nd PRIZE

'ARTIFICIAL' AND ILLEGITIMATE!

An eight-year-old boy, born from artificial insemination by an anonymous donor, was declared illegitimate by South Africa's supreme court. What a gift to present in the International Year of the Child! Apart from that, isn't illegitimacy the sign of a child born of a sexual union outside wedlock? Artificial insemination can, by no stretch of the imagination, be deemed an act of sex. Moreover, though an outsider is involved, he is not a 'clandestine' party. It is with the husband's full knowledge and consent that he is involved in the creation of the child. In these circumstances, it is absurd to term the child illegitimate.

This is a case of man-made laws lagging behind the marvels of science. Now that the world is used to the idea of knowledge increasing by leaps and bounds, it should expedite the passing of suitable legislation to deal with at least the obvious problems that are likely to arise with the utilization of the new knowledge. If, for example, South Africa had made this ruling before its subjects could experiment with artificial insemination, the boy in this case would not have been conceived and would therefore have been spared the humiliation of being branded illegitimate.

PUSHPALATA KAMATH,
Bombay

If the court found the child illegitimate, there must be a legal explanation for it. You could be presuming that the "intercourse by proxy" was effected with the knowledge of the husband. However, that's beside the point. The fact remains that there are no illegitimate children — there are only illegitimate parents.

3rd PRIZE

AH, LOVE!

Until the other day I was ridiculing the persons who were propagating love. Lo! What a metamorphosis in me and her when we fell in love. We share everything together: lots of laughter, having money and not having it, serious arguments, pulling each other's legs — in fact, the entire gamut of human emotions. Love is a highly personal and intimate phenomenon that very few lucky people are fortunate to experience. It does not depend on physical beauty nor on material comforts. I tell her "I love you not for what you are but for what I am when I am with you".

Love is the essence for the survival of humanity, with no boundaries whatsoever. A little bit of love and the outcome is such as to make our life bloom with joy. Love need not imply sex for, when expressed even in the simplest manner, it can touch one deeply. What is love? A tender smile, wiping a tear, a soft caress on the hair, a gentle touch on the forehead, an affectionate squeeze of the hand, could be anything...

Life is short — so live with love, laugh with love and bask with love in the sunshine of today.

H.V. SUDARSHAN,
New Delhi

Loverly! You're obviously young, hopeful, in love with your girl and life. We pray that you will always remain what you are when you are with her — amen.

SUDDEN BEAUTY

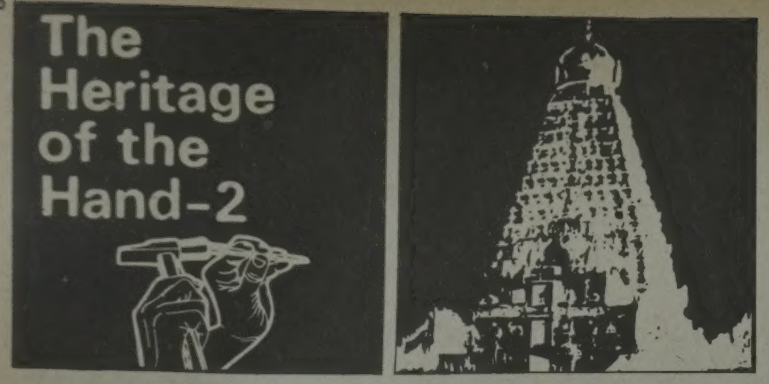
Life these days is so hectic and fast-moving that one hardly has the time to "stand and stare". As such, a lot of beauty around us goes unnoticed. Moreover, many working housewives like me, with small children. go through life without paying much attention to the outside world. But a few days back I realised how much of beauty we really miss.

Just outside my bedroom window there is a huge, ugly-looking cactus which draws very little attention during the daytime. But one night, I just looked out of the bedroom window and I was stunned to see a profusion of huge, white flowers. They looked magnificent in their beauty. Each bloom seemed to say to me I am born /on a cactus amidst thorn /Oh, my plight /I bloom only at night /With the coming day /I quietly fade away.

It was a lesson in itself. So much of beauty born out of ugliness, lives only for a night and passes away, without being appreciated by most of us.

MRS. SUMAN MEHTA
W. Bengal

Here is Mrs, M's 'beauty amidst thorns'. We wonder if other readers would like to send us photographs with their letters telling us about little experiences which mean a lot.



The Thanjavur Plates, as these art plates are popularly called, continue the tradition. They are frequently presented to foreign dignitaries visiting India, and they are cherished in many a foreign home.

Artistic engravings on copper or brass, the motifs drawn from the Hindu pantheon and encrusted with silver, are transferred to metal plates by the innate and heriditarily acquired skill of the artists.

Poompuhar runs a creative centre of this art in Thanjavur, where art plates, bowls, vases and napkin rings are regularly made for sale through Poompuhar Showrooms.

And that's only one facet of Poompuhar.

India's largest Handicrafts network, Poompuhar trains artisans, develops new items & channels, and markets art & utility Handicrafts in a wide range of designs & materials – Stone, Wood, Bronze, Brass, Copper, Bell Metal, Ivory, Cane, Fabrics, Batik, Shell, Lacquer, Glass, Papier – mache, Clay...and so on – for homes, offices & institutions in India & abroad.

Art handed down through the Centuries

THE TANTALISING ART OF THANJAVUR

The Art Plates of Thanjavur are among the finest of Tamilnadu's artistic creations. They belong to an ancient tradition. Tamil artists used to cover divine images with gold or silver plates, and, in a few cases, even entire vimanas (towers over the sancta). They used to make drawings on metal sheets over the lac and, when the impressions were brought in relief, to chisel them.

PoomPuhar
Treasure-house of Handicrafts

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ADWAVE/THDC/1038

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

ABOLITIONISTS BEWARE!

With reference to the articles on capital punishment by Malti Singh and Bharat Savur (June 2), many arguments have been advanced in support of its abolition. But I feel that there are only two deterrents to the cold-blooded murderer. One is an efficient police force whose methods of detection are superlative. The other is fear of the gallows. However, every cold-blooded murderer is an egotist who thinks that he can outwit the best police force. This leaves only one effective deterrent. It would be grossly misplaced sympathy to remove that by legislation. Murder of the type the Chopra children, for example, were subjected to, calls for nothing less than the extreme punishment. Those agitating for its abolition would do far better to direct their energies to the establishment of world peace and the avoidance of war which has, throughout man's history, been the greatest destroyer of innocent lives.

PREMELA ERNEST, Bangalore.

THE MULTI-MIXER

I read with interest the article on how to handle the multi-mixer (June 9) in the series "Understanding Mechanics" by Dilip Bam.

However, the author has dealt only with the mixers he has come across. Some of the present-day mixers have fixed multipurpose blades, which need not be fixed nor changed. Further, if the mixer has been used for a considerable period of time, there is a possibility that the carbon brush provided may have worn out, resulting in the faulty running of the motor and at times leading to a short circuit. Changing the brush is a simple procedure, which can be done at a very nominal cost by any good electrician. The cost of brush may range from five to ten rupees.

I also offer here a few useful hints which come out of my personal experience.

1. Before fixing the jar to the star of the mixer, rotate the blade assembly a few times.
2. Fill only three quarters of the jar for mixing/grinding.
3. For grinding dry articles, fill the contents to just cover the blade assembly-level, or only one third of the jar. This helps the motor run without much strain.
4. Never switch a mixer on if there is apparent drop in voltage, especially during the night hours, especially in the summer.

S. V. SRINIVASAN, Coimbatore.

MIRACLE CURES?

This has reference to the article "Medicine or Miracle?" by Manohar Kamath (June 9). Mr. Kamath has concluded after reading the letters of Dr. Jessani's patients that his medicines cure about 80 per cent of the patients. If the doctor could show at least 100 cases of cancer cured by him with homeopathic medicines, along with X-ray and blood reports etc., one would be able to believe that his medicines really cure cancer. The total number of patients seen by a doctor does not make him a miracle man.

I have also been practising homeopathy for 13 years and I have worked with a leading homeopath of Bombay. In my practice I have seen that the number of cases of cancer cured is minimum.

The impression given in the article that a homeopath does not require physical examination is wrong.

In my opinion, such interviews, instead of giving knowledge about efficacy of homeopathy, only help the doctor get free publicity.

DR. K. H. MATANI, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF AUGUST 4

CHILDREN ARE CONSUMERS TOO!

And they are among the most vulnerable of consumers, susceptible both to the hidden persuaders and to the harmful effects of dubious products. A Consumer Awareness feature.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BABIES

In a country rife with superstition, it is not surprising that old wives' tales about babies abound. The sooner the facts are known the better. An article that seeks to dispell doubts.

CHILD LABOUR

"Any rash abolitionist measures" against child labour would be both unrealistic and unrealizable, warns the National Institute of Public Cooperation and Child Development, after an extensive survey in Bombay.

ALSO

*** Concluding part of "My Darling Clementina".**

*** A selection from the new Vikas Book of Modern Indian Love Stories.**

ROYAL

Amita Sarwal

Raja Dhanrajgiri as a young man.

Monarchies are on the wane. Of that there is little doubt. The decline has come over several decades, but recent events in several parts of the world have forcefully brought home the fact that the days of kings and queens as active rulers of nations are numbered, if not altogether gone.

However, public interest in royalty, however powerless they may be, has far from waned. Tidbits about the British royal family, for example, are devoured by large sections of the British public, if the extensive coverage they are given in the press there is any indication.

India, of course, has more than its share of royal families, and their splendid lifestyles in the good old days could more than match those of their counterparts in other parts of the world. In fact, one wonders if they could not even surpass their fellow "blue-bloods" in the opulence and decadence of their lifestyles.

But this is mostly talk of yesteryear, for since Independence Indian royal families have been much subdued, their privy purses discontinued, their titles withdrawn and the general mood of the nation has been against the feudal way of life they represent.

So what are the erstwhile royal personages doing today? Do they still live in the ivory towers built up through centuries of unquestioning fealty? Or have they come down to earth and set about earning their living like the rest of us? Have their lifestyles and attitudes been much affected by the removal of the privy purses and the royal titles? Or do they tend to still think of themselves as a people apart?

Most of those one meets or hears of, are more or less like you and me, somewhat richer perhaps, but still having to tackle life — a far cry from the days of yore when life was easy and luxurious, requiring little effort on their part. Some of the families are, of course, now economically very poorly off and depend on the government for maintenance. And a few, mostly those belonging to the "bigger" states, still have their "nakhras" and were "not available" for interviews. It is, therefore, the first category that co-operated and discussed with us their lifestyles of today.

Most of them have little first-hand knowledge of the "good old days" when their families were still in power as rulers. So what they could recall of past glory were mostly isolated bits of memory which, woven together, present an exotic tapestry of a bygone era.

Like the story of a princess who was not even shown a photograph of her prospective bridegroom till everything was finalized, lest she fall in love with the man in the picture and run the risk, in case the proposal didn't work out, of going against the Hindu shastras, which preach that a woman should fall in love only once in a lifetime and that, with her husband.

And the legend about the Nizam of Hyderabad who was reputed to have had the largest number of Rolls Royces in the country and finally had one tailor-made for himself, in pure silver!

THE DAYS OF OWNING FLEETS OF ROLLS ROYCES AND 364 LEGAL WIVES ARE A PART OF THEIR COLOURFUL PAST. BUT HOW DOES ERSTWHILE ROYALTY LIVE TODAY?

And the description of the toy train in one of the palaces which used to wind its way across the banquet table carrying its load of choice delicacies — a major attraction, as one can imagine, at the innumerable and fabulous parties.

And then there are the gilded memories of an ex-princess, who remembers building toy houses with gold coins (no less) which were always freely available.

And there are the stories about a royal stud (what else can one call him?) who had 364 legal wives, and whose off-spring are now to be found in practically every corner of the country, jocularly known as the royal bastards! As if this were not enough, the same maharaja had a "Leela Mahal", a haram guarded by eunuchs and peopled by beauties from all over the world, in which all his ignoble and amorous activities were indulged in.

And then the tale (tall or otherwise) about a royal personage from a northern state who was refused his request for a tailor-made car by Rolls Royce and, thoroughly incensed, returned home to convert his entire fleet of Rolls Royce cars into garbage vans!

And, finally, there is the story about another maharaja who frequently captained an Indian cricket team. Rumour has it that he paid off the players on the opposing team as well as the umpires to ensure that he scored the highest always and that, naturally, his team won every match!

Some of the memories are practically signs of the times and effectively illustrate the changes that have now come to stay. The best of these is the description of the Rolls "Silver Ghost" owned by one of the families of the south, which now serves as a post for tying cows to — simply because they can no longer afford to keep it in running condition!

Of course, the change was not sudden, perhaps because it was not brought about through a bloody revolution as it was in many other parts of the world both recently and at the turn of the century. And some of the families prepared themselves.

Like the father who sent his sons to residential colleges, "so we wouldn't be ashamed of polishing our shoes" and could avoid the inevitable pampering at home.

And like the family in which all the daughters are working ("It's not a question of whether we need the money or not, it's more important that we achieve something on our own, as individuals."), though their older brothers are still lolling around not doing an iota of work as if nothing had changed.

We interviewed members of some of the erstwhile royal fami-

REMINISCENCES

lies, who are living and working in Bombay, to gain an insight into their lives and attitudes today.

Rajkumar Narpat Singh of Himmat Nagar in Idar State is a senior executive with Air India. He, his wife Maya, and four grown-up children live in an apartment that is simply yet tastefully done up. There is no show of ostentation or wealth, but their warmth and hospitality speak highly of their background.

When Mr. Narpat Singh was asked how he felt about the removal of the privy purse and subsequently the title, his reaction was representative of that of the other families. All of them felt it was conducted in a distasteful manner. Mr. Narpat Singh explained, "I have always been for equality, but the way it was done was dishonourable. It should have been carried out gradually. If the rulers had been approached, I am certain they would have voluntarily agreed to give up their rights. They were not dependant upon the privy purses. In fact, some of us are doing much better now."

"It was a negligible sum in relation to the economy of the country and such a hue and cry was made about the whole issue. . ." he continued.

"Titles? Well, there still are Lords and Ladies abroad, and nobody is after them. At the same time, I agree you can't call yourself a Thakur Sahib if you can't maintain the standard. So the titles would have died a natural death with the next generation or even the present one, seeing the rapid changes in society. That would have been the most gracious way of conducting things."

Thirty-eight year-old Divyabhanusinh, now General Manager Manpower Planning and Development, Indian Hotels Co. Ltd. (the Taj group), analyses this subject from the social aspect. "I agree that the general scheme of things since the merger has changed, and to hold on to our image would have been an anachronism. But where was the indecent hurry? Why an ordnance and not an act of Parliament? I think it was a means of securing the then leaders' position."

His state lies 30 miles to the north of Ahmedabad and he attributes a number of changes in his life to the state's proximity to Sabarmati. "Even as early as a generation ago, before they were felt in other states, we became aware of the changes. We were very close to the hub of the national movement, so that the people were caught up in Gandhiji's preachings, and loyalties were eroded."

Raja Dhanrajgirji, well in his eighties, speaks 'shudh' Urdu. One of his forefathers received the title from the Nizam of Hyderabad, and it was then passed down from father to son. He has accepted the changing times fatalistically, but still lives in a world of his own. He admits missing the days gone by, when one shikar party continued into a picnic or a luncheon or a dinner for 500 or more guests, where champagne and wine flowed freely and the tables were laden with the choicest of foods served on gold dishes. And in the evening, there were dancing and singing girls to entertain them, he recalls.

How did the parents of these people react to their earning a living?

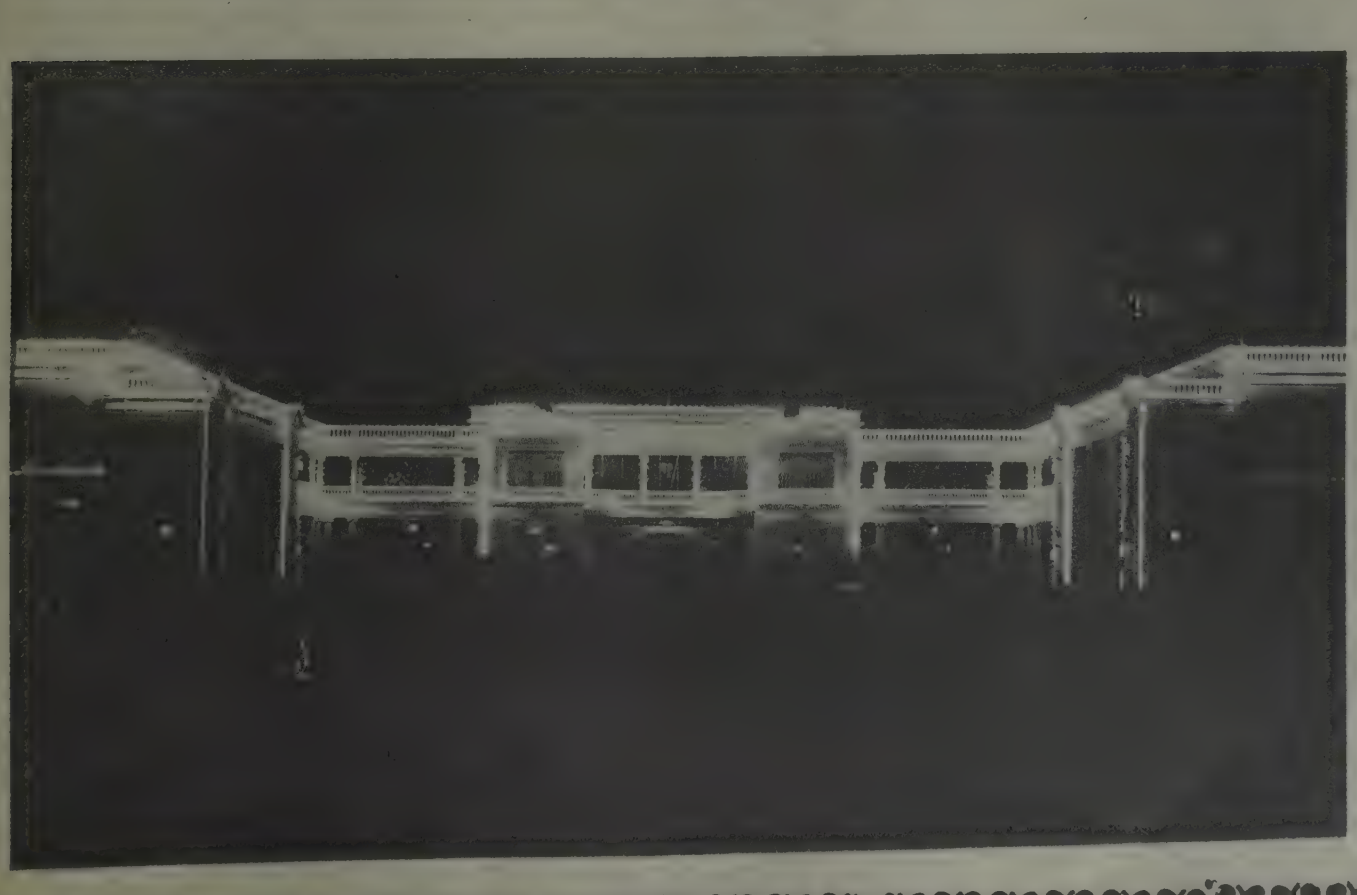
"Initially our father felt that we should look after our jagir," said Mr. Narpat Singh, "but it was just his ego, his faith, his belief. At the same time, he was a great socialist. He had no inhibitions about mixing with the common man. And when I got my first job, my parents greatly appreciated it. The fact that we were standing on our own two feet appealed to them. While on the one hand he wouldn't use his influence to get us boys jobs anywhere, he'd do it for others who came for favours and wanted recommendations."

As far as his own children are concerned, Mr. Narpat Singh is firm that while initially he would want them to flower as they liked they would finally have to face the world and its realities. "They may not be as lucky as we were. There is much more competition now and things are certainly not getting any easier," he says.

The couples' eldest son, 19-year-old Karan, a B. Com. student, seems very down to earth. "I would like my mother and sister to work — if for nothing else, just to realise the value of money," he says. Suppose he had as much wealth as his forefathers? "I certainly wouldn't sit back and just enjoy it," he declares.

Left: Dhairyavangir, Raja Dhanrajgiri's heir and successor, performing Dasarah Puja, 1940.

Below: Magnificent Dhanrajgiri Palace, Hyderabad.



ROYAL

For Divyabhanusinh of Indian Hotels, his job as General Manager, Manpower Planning and Development means "total involvement, which is the main motivation for sticking on here." He lost his father while still at college, in 1959. "We were well provided for, but I recall my father saying, 'If one is reasonably capable, one must do something to prove oneself.'" And so he set about proving his worth. A product of the Tata Administrative Service, he did his M.Sc. (Economics) from the School of Oriental and African Studies.

Jai Singh of Rajpipla, a debonair and endearing man of the world, still hasn't quite convinced his parents that what he is doing is right, in spite of his talent at conversation. After doing his M.B.A. from the I.I.M., Ahmedabad, he went to Harvard, and upon his return joined Metal Box.

So far, his career was quite acceptable to his parents. But when he launched out into his own business it was a different story. "They look down upon it. They think I'm not being a true Rajput," he laughs. He, like Mr. Narpat Singh and Mr. Chavda (as Divyabhanusinh is known at work), does not believe in his wife, who is from a southern royal family, working. "There is plenty to do at home — the baby, the house, and her gardening, which is a passion with her, keep Vidya quite busy."

Similarly, Mrs. Chavda, who is from Banswara, is a "full time housewife. We both feel that someone has to look after the domestic front. The duty, naturally, falls on her, so she doesn't work," he explained.

Maya Narpat Singh is also "a full time housewife," but finds time for Ikebana classes and for writing poetry and articles, many of which were published in leading magazines in Australia, where the Narpat Singhs were posted.

On the other hand, there are the "working princesses." Of these, Nimi Sinh, tall, elegant, faultlessly dressed and looking simply uncluttered as she sat behind her desk, is supposedly the first woman of her clan to have started working. In 1968, after her graduation from Sophia College, Bombay, she joined Century Bazar as a floor supervisor. After that she worked as an Assistant in the PR and Marketing division of Chemicals and Fibres of India and then via another job with Current, she is where she is today.

"There was opposition when I started working, but my grandfather is very modern and I got plenty of support from that quarter," she says. A great-grandmother, "about 70 years old and legally my great-grandfather's seventh wife, is the only one in the family who is still not reconciled to my working. She feels it is a kind of affront to the royal family; more so because I am a woman. But we have to understand her, she has lived such a sheltered existence," she says warmly.

Gita Devi of Baria is a young woman. She, along with a friend, runs a boutique where she executes embroidery orders. She also dabbles in antiques and jewellery, having learnt the intricacies of the latter while doing a course in Gemology in Texas. An attractive woman, Gita had no family opposition to her working, not even from a grandaunt who lives in Baria. Gita's father is also doing his own business, exporting man power to West Asia.

Renuka Batlivala (nee Dhanrajgir) still lives like a princess. Her penthouse apartment in Bombay has a rooftop garden and is done up very exotically with elegant antique furniture, obviously heirlooms from her parents as well as her in-laws, who belong to an aristocratic Parsi family. She certainly hasn't stepped down much in her lifestyle: She looks every inch a product of the Swiss finishing school she went to. Dressed in a chiffon sari, with pearls adorning her neck, her long hair styled in a peek-a-boo fashion, she sat there, mistress of all she surveyed, while liveried waiters silently served tea on silver trays.

As artist, she has held numerous exhibitions of her work, which is mostly impressionistic. When she was about 20, she designed stalls for an exhibition at Hyderabad. "I wasn't paid for it, but enjoyed the feeling of creating." Soon after, she came to Bombay and started 'Bohemia' at Dhanraj Mahal, selling antiques and lampshades. "As far back as I can remember, Papa had all our homes filled with beautiful furniture, so dealing in these comes naturally to me." From her father she seems to have also acquired the exquisite taste for the good things of life that is apparent in her surroundings. Renuka is firm about "wanting all people to work. There is no point in having too much wealth or too free a life. It's more important, what you do yourself," she says. She considers titles "an accident of birth. They don't make you a better or more special person. If you have the advantage, you should make the best of it."

Mrs Maya Narpat Singh, who hails from Dhankanel, is as gentle and soft-spoken as one would

ABOVE: Divyabhanusinh, now General Manager, Manpower Planning & Development, Indian Hotels Co Ltd.

LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Narpat Singh with (from left) Manjeet, Rani, Kiran and Prithviraj.

BELOW: Vintage Rolls Royce belonging to Raja Dhanrajgiri.

REMINISCENCES

imagine a princess to be. She says that in her hometown as well as elsewhere, it's just the old timers who are still very loyal and respectful to their ex-rulers. "It's more on a person-to-person basis now," she feels. Her children.

LEFT: Renuka Batliwala nee Dhanrajgiri.

BELOW: Nimi Sinh — a "working princess."

especially Rani, a student of Sophia College, Bombay, are embarrassed at the show of respect she encounters when she visits her ancestral home, especially when the reverence is shown by people of the older generation to "us youngsters." Karan, her son, thinks "It's unnecessary for our generation to be greeted in the same fashion as our parents are."

Nimi Sinh speaks of how she used to feel decidedly awkward when she had to greet the older generation, especially in public places. "But soon I realized that this way of obeisance was part of our tradition and had to be held on to. And I am certainly glad about it."

Most of these families visit their home towns on "religious or special occasions like weddings."

Jai Sinh definitely goes back once a year "during the Pujas, when we worship our family diety, Harshadhimata. Then, just like in the old times, we tog up in our ceremonial gear," he said, as he relaxed, casualness personified, in a cool white kurta-pajama.

Mr. Chavda, or Divyabhanusinh, who is also a total urbanite, goes home during Dusshera and other family occasions. "But it's imperative that my elder brother, who was the ruler, be present even if the rest of us can't make it," he says.

Most of the women still maintain 'purdah' in their states, and some, like Maya, admit to being conservative in the sense that, "at a party I find it difficult to break away from a group of women and mix freely with the men."

This conservative touch is also seen in the Narpat Singhs' views on marriage. They would definitely like their children to get married to Rajputs, but would accept their choice if these hopes didn't materialise.

Renuka's was not only a love marriage, but an inter-caste one as well. "Of course, we went through the whole works of facing opposition from our respective families, but they soon accepted it beautifully. I have always been against arranged marriages. The very idea was foreign to me, though, admittedly, I also went through the rigmarole of being exhibited."

Of his marriage to a fellow member of a princely state, Jai Sinh says, "We owe it to our parents. They expect this from us, they have their hopes and wishes, and I don't think we should let them down. Besides, they do have our best interests at heart in everything they do, including choosing our life partner for us. If I had loved and married someone of my own choice they would definitely have accepted it, but I would have felt I had failed them somewhere down the line." And it seems to have been all for the best, because they appear to be an ideal "beautiful" couple.

Gita is still a single girl in a society where early marriages are the rule. But she says that it hasn't been a problem in anyway. Emancipated as she is, she would still prefer to marry a Rajput, but might marry someone else "if he happens to be the right person," and she smiles it off.

What is the condition of their old palaces? A great many have been sold to the government, some have been converted into hotels, and the others are "in a sorry state of neglect, because we cannot afford the upkeep," says Divyabhanusinh. Living in a high rise apartment, Nimmi speaks of the forts and 'mini' palaces back home and also admits, "It's increasingly difficult to maintain them though my grandfather loved contemporary furniture, and only parts of our homes were furnished traditionally."

Jai Sinh and Vidya are using a lot of their antique furniture and other objects in their new bungalow in Juhu.

The teenagers we met didn't like being referred to as 'royal.' Renuka's niece, 17-year-old Jyotika Dhanrajgir, felt decidedly odd when her friends discovered her 'noble' birth.

"My father doesn't work, but my mother (a commoner) does," she says candidly. "But he is proud that we intend to fend for ourselves. My sister is an air hostess. A cousin, Sabita, who won the Miss India title last year, is a leading model today, and her brother wants to join the films. I know all these are glamorous careers, but it goes to show that they are no longer considered cheap or have a stigma attached to them." Jyotika is also keen to be a model.

The Batliwalas' younger children, Prithviraj and Manjeet, 16 and 15 respectively, are all for the "free life of today." Prithvi is an ardent sportsman and "would like to go in for this in a big way." At school, only a few of their close friends know about their background, "and only because they are good friends, and it doesn't make any difference," says Manjeet. Prithviraj says, "Most of the time we don't even feel or remember that we belong to a royal family. I think we must thank our parents for doing such a good job of showing and teaching us things in their right perspective."

And finally, do these people, born with the proverbial silver spoon, regret not leading the life of their forefathers?

Maya, the true housewife, smiles, "Yes, I do miss the easy life at times. Because we didn't have to depend upon a restricted budget on which to run the house." But she is still all in favour of things as they are today because, "We are closer to each other. The chiidren are less sheltered and if they have missed something monetarily or materially, they have more than made up for it by seeing the world and knowing what life really is all about."

Rani would like a glimpse of the old life, "especially the old customs. They sound so beautiful, with so much depth and meaning. What's left of it today is hollow and superficial," she says ruefully.

Of the present show of wealth by the few who still have it, Divyabhanusinh says, "It is ostentatious. I was about eight at the time of the merger, and for a couple of years more, saw the opulence and grandeur. But my father had the foresight to put us on the right track. You must realise," he says, "that anyone who has a lot of money or power is going to throw it around. The rulers will always pin the rest of us down. That's happening all the time all over the world."

ROYAL REMINISCENCES

A PRINCESS REMEMBERS

"...I BEGAN TO QUESTION THE INTEGRITY OF A GOVERNMENT THAT COULD GO BACK ON AN AGREEMENT..."

"... Our whole childhood was a patchwork of the responsibilities and the privileges, the restrictions and the fun of being part of the ruling family in a princely State. There were serious occasions when the ordinary people of Cooch Behar came directly to the palace to express a grievance or ask for help in hard times, but fortunately Cooch Behar was a comparatively rich state with fertile, well-irrigated land and a high annual rainfall...

"...He was at that time an absolute ruler. He appointed his own ministers and there were no elections. Even the British-Indian Government could not interfere with his running of his state unless there was a blatant evidence of misrule...

"... It was a curious relationship — it was true in Cooch Behar too — this special blend of concern, intimacy, and respect that the people of the princely states felt for their rulers...

"... With all its strangeness, its delights, its worries, its embarrassments, and its joys, those first months in Jaipur trained me for a kind of life I had never expected to experience. It taught me the duties and responsibilities, the pleasures and restrictions of being the Maharani of an important state. It also showed me that it was possible to be lonely surrounded by people, yet happy even in the enveloping shroud of purdah life...

"... Jai was attached to the Thirteenth Lancers, who were at that time stationed in Risalpur near the North-West Frontier. To my joy and relief, I was allowed to accompany him. Only then did I realise how burdensome I had found the trappings of rulership and the duties of being a Maharani. It was bliss to live like any other Army wife in a little bungalow in the cantonment, to run the house myself and to be directly responsible for my husband's comforts ... I got no special privileges or deference; I was just a captain's wife and, I should add, very much in awe of the colonel's wife.

...While the war brought all kinds of restrictions to many people, to me, in Jaipur, it brought a certain measure of freedom ... I started at once by attending Red Cross work parties at the Ladies' Club. I met all sorts of women there — teachers, doctors, and wives of government officials. Their company was far more stimulating than that of the purdah ridden palace ladies ...

"... I remember those wartime State visits with particular clarity because, with the end of World War II, it became plain to us, to the Maharana of Udaipur, and to all the other princes of India, that great changes were imminent for the whole of India, and for us especially. Indian independence was already taking shape, and we were gradually realizing that, in the new order, the princely states would no longer be able to retain their old identity...

"...Although I accepted the idea that we would, in some way, be part of independent India, it never really occurred to me that our lives would change so radically once our states lost their special identities. Somehow I imagined that we would always maintain our particular relationship with the people of our states and would continue to have a public role to play...

"... Before these saddening events, before we began to see the gradual erosion of our way of life and the weakening of our identity with our State — and indeed, the identity of the State itself — a couple of joyful occasions intervened. The first was Mickey's marriage to the Maharai Kumar of Baria ... It was perhaps the final grand display of the pageantry of princely India...

"... We began to see some facets of the new India in the March of 1949, when the Rajput states of Jaisalmer, Jodhpur, Bikaner, and Jaipur were merged into the new Greater Rajasthan Union, itself one part of the Indian Union. Sadly, I realised, at long last, that the identity of Jaipur as a separate state had really gone for ever and that Jai had ceased to be responsible for the welfare of the people he loved and had been destined to rule. One honour, though hardly a compensation, was that Jai was named a Rajpramukh, or "Head of State", of the new Rajasthan Union for life. In this position he would have the overall supervision of the administration of the entire province...

"... Whatever the situation might be in the rest of India, in former princely territories people voted, when they had the opportunity, from a sense of the age-old bond between an Indian ruler and his subjects. The actual political platform was a secondary consideration...

"... The people behaved exactly as if Jai were still their ruler, cheering him repeatedly whenever he appeared in public showering him with messages of goodwill. Very possibly, it was indications such as this that led to an increase of caution and distrust in the Government's attitude towards the princes over the next few years...

"... I began then to question the integrity of a government that could go back so casually, on an agreement enshrined in the Constitution...

"...Early in 1966 a resolution had been moved at the Congress Party convention seeking to abolish the princes' privy purses. Although there had not been a quorum at the convention for that particular resolution, the Home Minister in the Central Government, Mr. Chavan, had taken up the issue as part of the Congress programme ...

"... If it hadn't been clear before, it was certainly quite plain now that the Government's attitude to the princes was far from friendly...

"... After all that, it may seem absurd that the Government was balking at paying what amounted to less than 50 million rupees — under 7 million dollars — for all the princely privy purses combined...

"...In the August of 1971 the Twenty-sixth Amendment of the Constitution was introduced in Parliament. This sought to delete those provisions of the Constitution relating to the recognition of a ruler and to payment of the privy purses — in short, the de-recognition of the princes, unsuccessful before, was to be brought about by amending the Constitution. In the first week of December the Bill was passed by both houses of Parliament. On the twenty eighth of December the Bill received the assent of the President. With that, the princes lost all that they were promised in the solemn agreements made when they merged their territories with the rest of India. Their privileges, their titles, and their privy purses were all abolished...

"... Changes are, of course, inevitable. Not even the princes really believed that the agreements made with them by the Indian Government would last forever without, at some stage, being reviewed. But we all hoped that the process would be one of mutual consent, rather than one of unilateral action on the part of the Government...

"... One small and entirely unimportant episode brought the change home to me. Soon after the bill de-recognizing the princes was passed, I had occasion to renew my passport. When it arrived, I saw that I was described as "Gayatri Devi of Jaipur (M.P.), Profession: Housewife/Member of Parliament," and "Holder's husband's name" was "Late Sawai Man Singhji of Jaipur".

Excepts from "A Princess Remembers — Memoirs of the Maharani of Jaipur" by Gayatri Devi of Jaipur and Shantha Rama Rao. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia and New York.

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

A VIRGIN: to be or not to be?

Ritu Khanna reports from Delhi

The "question", the "eternal dilemma" confronting the students of today, is whether pre-marital sex is permissible, and what importance should one attach to virginity. The boys and girls of today, however akin they might feel to their western counterparts, are way behind on this burning issue.

The members of the older generation tend to equate virtue with virginity. For them, these two words are synonyms. A series of interviews with a cross-section of students gives an insight into their thinking and the hypocrisy of some of their ideas. Are we to have different yardsticks for our assessment of the value of virginity for girls, and yet another for boys? What is dismissed casually as a mere fling in the case of boys, is considered a "pre-marital affair" when it concerns girls. Is, then the loss of virginity a pleasant vice when associated with boys and a grievous fault, an act of prostitution as it were, when linked with girls? To seek the answers, I turned to the students themselves.

Vijay, a student of Law, proudly stated, "I lost my virginity when I was 16½ years old. She was twenty...No, I do not meet her anymore. I have had many more after her. I prefer having affairs with older girls." When asked about the kind of girl he would like to marry, he smiled and then replied, "My bride should come from a good, sheltered household; be educated, but not liberated, and most certainly a virgin....I loved the idea of women being subjected to virginity tests...how I wish I could have my future wife similarly tested," he added wistfully.

Presenting a deep contrast to Vijay, was Rahul, a young graduate. Shy and timid, he confessed. "I am not a virgin. When I was 18, a boozing binge with my two other roommates culminated in our going to a place, which is commonly referred to by collegians as a 'red light area'. There we picked up three females. I am not too sure as to who did the picking-up."

When prodded further, and assured that his full name would not be revealed, he continued, "After that experience I have been out with many girls, been intimate with a couple of them, but never had sex again. When I marry it would certainly be to a virgin...No, I guess I would not leave her if I later found out that she was not one. But the discovery would certainly sour our relationship. For me, that trust, which is the foundation of marriage, would be violated. I might learn to forgive her, but I don't think I would ever forget!"

Vivek, studying at the Delhi School of Economics is termed as a real "swinger" and is extremely popular with both sexes. It came as a surprise when he said, "I am a virgin." He then added. "And to be honest with you, I am a little ashamed of the fact. I go out a lot with girls. I love their company, enjoy going to parties, picnics and dances. It is not that I have had no opportunity to go to be with a girl, but then the sort of girls who give in readily are not my type."

Vivek, however would like his future wife to be a virgin.

For some boys, virginity in their wives was "an absolute must", others wavered and vacillated, revealing their definite preference for marrying a virgin. There was yet another group of boys, very few in number, no doubt, who like Rakesh, a B.Com. Honours student in the Delhi University, felt "I do not care whether the girl I marry is a virgin or not....in fact," he chuckled, "it might be fun and more interesting if she were experienced."

Ashok stated, "I expect my wife to be a virgin. I am also a virgin so there is no way anyone can term me as a male chauvinist pig. But, (and here he contradicted himself) if after my marriage I want to have affairs, my wife ought not to object. Of course I will be discreet about them. A woman's place is at home, looking after her children and husband....yes, I know there are lots of college and even school girls who enjoy themselves with boys. I find such kinds really cheap, they have no sense of propriety or morals. I wonder what sort of parents they have. I too, go out with girls, always in a group, generally, on Saturday nights. This is a clean healthy relationship. I have 'crushes' like all other boys."

And now to the girls — and to more contradictions and variations. Many of them were shocked when asked their views on the topic of virginity. Some answered with a curt "no comment", while others burst forth with words flowing easily about the "unfairness of it all." All of them were consistent on one point, however. They were deeply indignant about the "London incident". Sujata felt, "It was an outrage, an act of humiliation inflicted on the entire race of women. I feel Englishwomen should themselves strongly protest against it." She added, "I myself, lay a lot of emphasis on virginity. I may go out with boys, but not too often since my parents are quite strict with me, but I can certainly say that no boy dare take advantage of me!"

Vibha, a Pass Course student in Miranda College said, "A woman, having lost her 'izzat' is a finished woman. And for a woman her izzat is her virginity. There are lots of 'fast' girls in all colleges — the kind who wear revealing clothes and go out with boys on motorbikes. I avoid these types. Boys may have fun with them, but when they look for a bride, it is someone very different from the girls they formerly associated with."

Seconding Vibha's views, Preeti added, "Is not virginity defined as maidenhood? Though ironic, this is the way it stands in Indian society today. The bride **must** be a virgin."

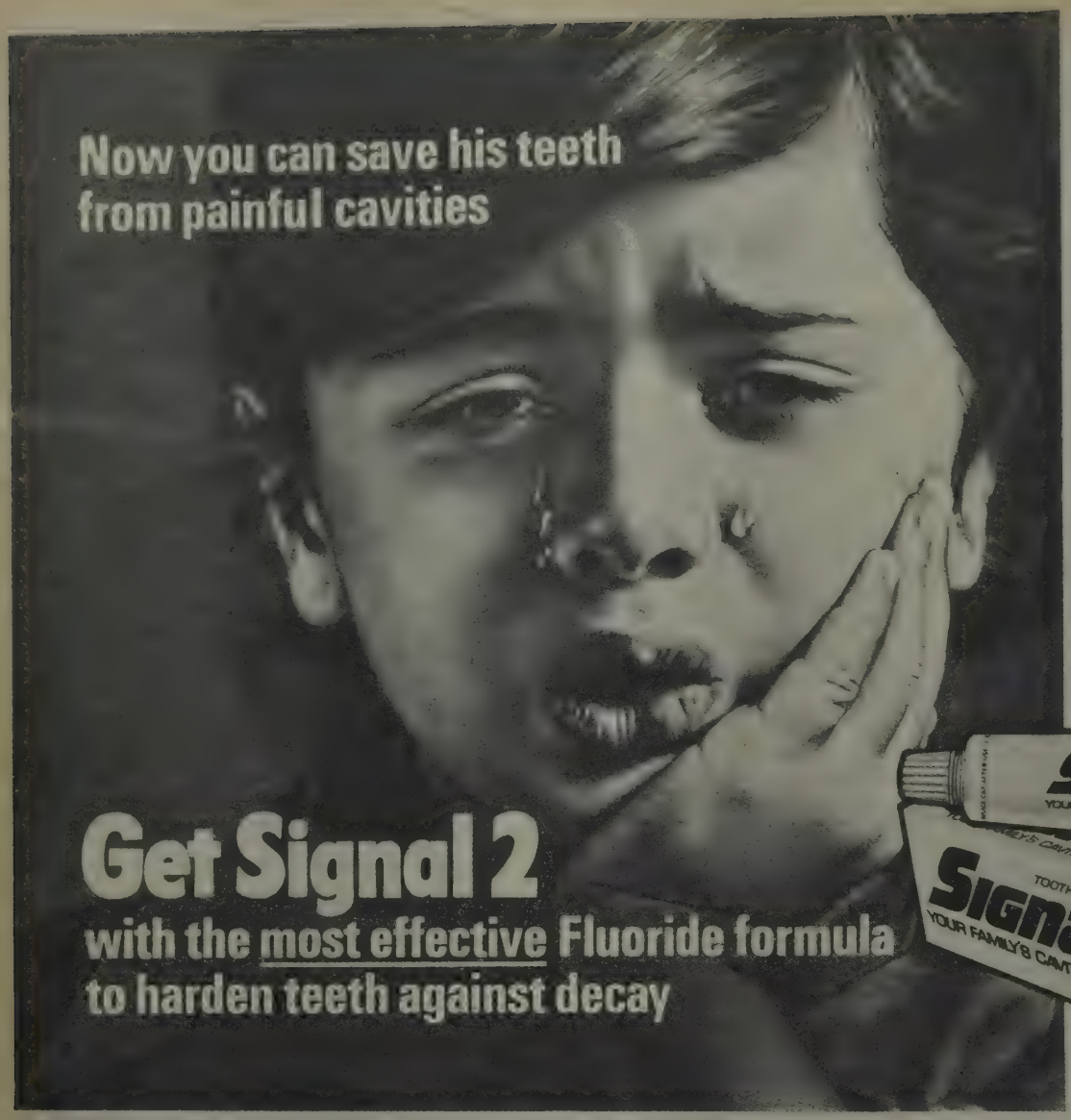
Promila, however perceived that this notion was, "highly old fashioned." According to her, "We are bound by society and traditions. Right from childhood, it is drilled into us that it is not good to fraternise with the male species, girls should keep their distance and not get intimate with men and so on. Sex is a very normal and healthy thing — the biological consequence of falling in love," she eloquently added.

"To repress this urge leads to psychological disasters. Girls today are restricted by social norms. Though I have all these broadminded ideas, I too am unfortunately caught within the shackles of this tradition-bound society. I guess this makes me a hypocrite."

There was one small group of girls scattered all over different colleges for whom virginity was not a value. These girls, fond of smoking, occasionally taking drugs, ("We just do it for kicks. What's the harm anyway?") and, in general having a good time are what the boys call "fun girls". Belonging to this group was Vandana, who spoke openly, frankly, though at times, bitterly. "Sure I'm not a virgin. Does that make me a social outcast? I don't regret the loss of my virginity. What I do regret is that the chap I first went to bed with, was such a rotter. He ditched me, just walked out on me, without any prior warning. That does not make all guys bad. In fact, I've met one, who after knowing about me not being a virgin, still wants to marry me."

Radha, an English Honours student said, "I go out a lot with boys. They are fun to be with, interesting and intelligent. Can't a girl be friendly with a boy without having an affair with him? Most of my best friends are boys. It's high time people dropped their conservative ideas. I'm a virgin, but very few will believe that. I'm termed a flirt, I have a stinking reputation. Oh! I couldn't care less about all that. Earlier I did, and used to cry and feel terribly hurt. My parents are really understanding and have full faith in me. They know I have my values right. The chap I marry need not be a virgin, but on the other hand he should not be an out-and-out Casanova, bedding every female he sets his eyes on. For me, loss of virginity in a boy or a girl is not immoral. It is stealing, lying, cheating during exams, slandering others which I consider immoral deeds."

Each student had something to say, some opinion to voice on this very controversial issue. One can clearly see that on the question of virginity, there are, indeed, very contradictory expectations from girls and boys. There are still "miles to go" before one can arrive at any conclusion. Within the framework of an orthodox society, the students of today, eager to be free, are endeavouring to solve all the riddles and perplexities which they seem to have inherited, as it were. On the issue of virginity however, the question: 'to be or not to be?" still remains unanswered.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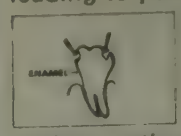

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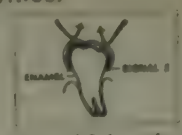

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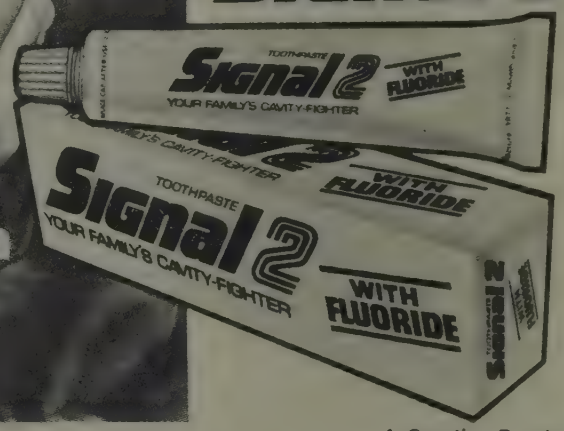

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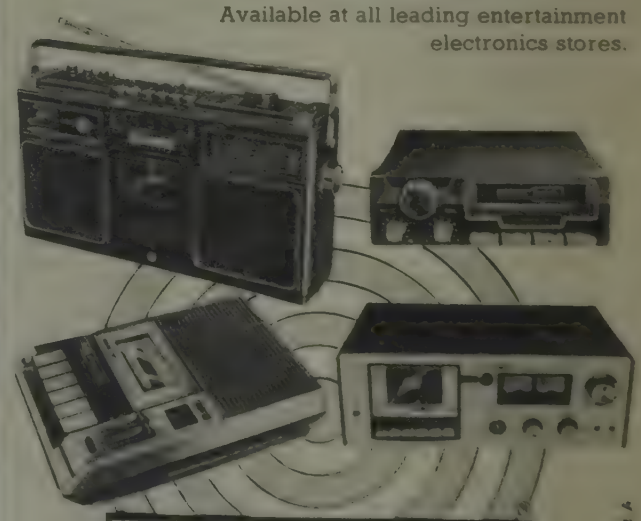

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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

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INDU RASTOGI

"MOODS AND NUDES"

Mehru Jaffer

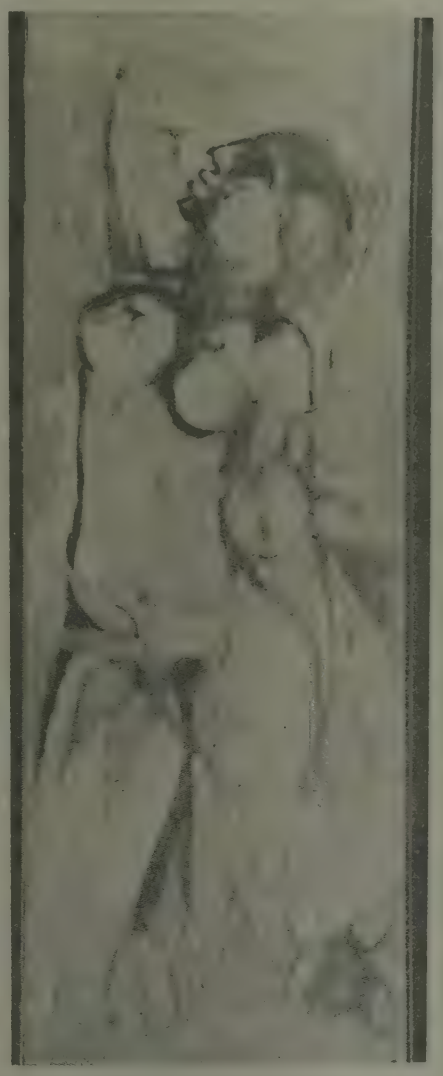
When Indu first showed her paintings of nude women to her friends and relatives, both thought that she had a wicked mind.

Mrs. Indu Rastogi told me at the inauguration of her solo exhibition titled "Moods and Nudes" that the female figure fascinated her. But it took a lot of guts to continue drawing women in the nude and for quite some time she had been rather shy of exhibiting her nudes.

Her husband, however, encouraged her and when she told him of her desire to try her hand at drawing the male figure as well, he had welcomed it. However, when she requested him to be her model, he had looked rather horrified and had flatly refused to oblige her. Her biggest frustration these days is not being able to get models. Indu said that she often felt handicapped for want of even female models.

"I have had to do a lot of coaxing before a few women agreed to pose for me," she said. That is why she was extremely grateful to some of her friends who had modelled for her without making much fuss. But a creative artist needed to explore new areas all the time and so she needed different models. Now she wants to draw male figures. When I asked her if she would not feel embarrassed at looking at a strange man standing naked before her, she replied in the negative.

Indu said that she does not remember exactly when she started to draw. She only remembers that ever since childhood she loved painting and drawing. But she had never thought of taking up art as a profession even when she took lessons in wash technique from the late Mr. Ranada Ukil at Varanasi. Painting remained a hobby with Indu while she graduated from the Vasant College for Women, Varanasi, and when she went on to do her M.A. in Sanskrit from the Banaras Hindu University. It was only after she married and found that her husband loved her drawings that she decided to join the Kanpur University to secure an M.A. in Drawing and Painting. Later, she worked as a lecturer in the department of Drawing and Painting at the Jauhri Devi Girls Degree College, Kanpur. But soon after marriage came two children and her work at the easel almost came to a standstill.



Fascinated by the human form (DREAM I)

Now that her son is 23 and studying in Paris and her daughter is 18 (though looking at Indu few would guess that she is the mother of two grown-ups), she said that she had plenty of time to draw. After going through the daily routine of housework she paints in the afternoons.

Today Indu is busy organising exhibitions, preparing talks on music, art and literature for the radio, and fulfilling her responsibilities as a member of the General Council of the State Lalit Kala Akademy.

Talking of her present obsession with the human form, she said that in drawing nudes she felt she was exploring a purity which was lacking in the clothed human body. She explained why so far she had painted only heavy bosomed and round hipped Indian women. She said that she did not find the straight limbed, flat chested figures of western women sensuous enough to make her want to draw them. She found beauty only in the massive thighs and the full rounded figures of Indian women whom she has drawn in every possible mood and depicted their varied emotions on the canvas.

Now that some of the spirit of the world-wide women's liberation movement has spread to Lucknow as well, Indu's exhibition of nude paintings did not shock the public. It caused a good deal of talk of course, but the paintings were widely admired for their sensitivity and boldness. Members of both the sexes were seen going round the exhibition without batting an eyelid, only casting appreciative looks around.

Right. "Beauty only in rounded figures." (DEPRESSION)

A 'sweet seventeen' complexion, and jasmine fragrance around her...

(just what he likes!)

Jai

BEAUTY SOAP

-with the lingering fragrance of jasmine

OBM/2266

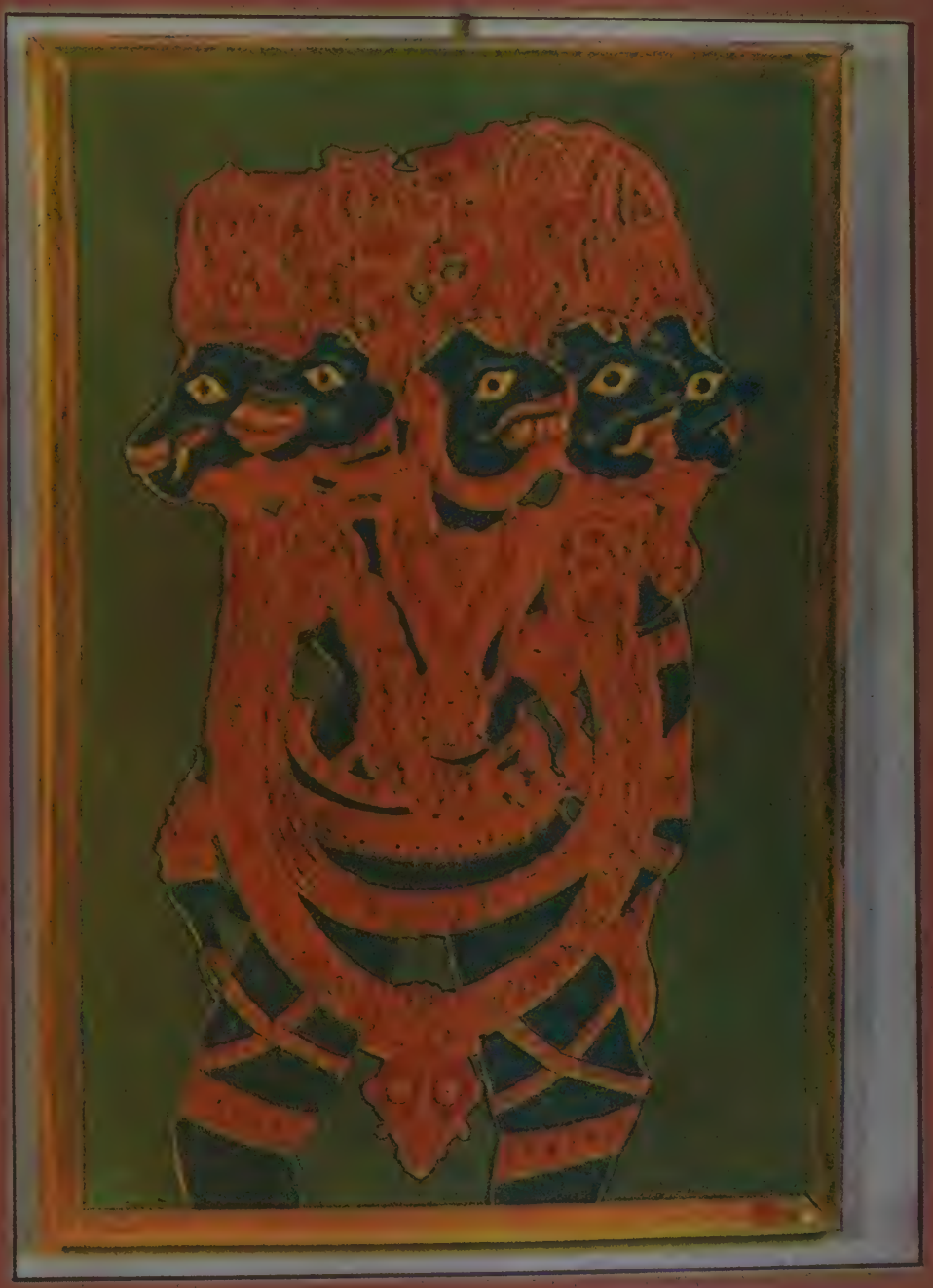
A TATA PRODUCT

CAPTURED IN BATIK

Damodar Joshi of Bombay, a textile designer by profession, has been experimenting with batik as well as tie-and-dye for the past several years. Recently he held his third exhibition of batik paintings in Bombay.

His vivid imagination, perfect balance of colours with subtle interplay of various shades of red, rust and brown, and fine detail mark his work.

Mythological themes dominate his paintings. "I am a God-fearing man. . . I favour mythological subjects," says Damodar. He travels extensively to study his subjects in order to lend them authenticity.



1. Perenniatly favourite Ganesha. Warm colours go well with batik.

2. Pabuji, the well-known Rajasthani warrior.

3. Image of Panchamukhi Hanuman — created with dexterity and imagination.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

THE STORY SO FAR. . . .

ONE: Bret Nelson, thirty-four, a tall New Zealander currently in Britain on a short business trip, meets Clementina O'Gorman (Clem), at the wedding of a common friend. A courtship ensues during which he tells her about his family back home — parents, his brothers Ken, Carl and Thad and a sister Nicola. She confesses she is the orphan daughter of an Irish feudal lord who eloped with a nursemaid, thus severing all connections with the aristocratic household. Bret asks her to accompany him to New Zealand, but she is insulted at the audacity of the "proposition."

TWO: Bret explains it is a proposal. Clem however, is not sure of her feelings, but agrees after persuasion to a "trial engagement" at the end of which she will have the option to either accept or refuse him. It is arranged that she stay for six months with his parents at their suburban farm house, where Bret makes week-end trips from Auckland where he works. In New Zealand, Clem meets Nicola and her husband, Owen Page, Bret's brothers Ken, Thad and Carl. She is wearing the ring that Bret has given her for propriety's sake, though in this case it doesn't mean "Quite the usual thing".

THREE: There is a family get-together at the Nelsons' farm where Clem meets more family members — Elaine, Ken's Ken's wife and their child Sara. Some days later Clem accompanies Mrs. Nelson to a federation meeting of farmers' wives, and meets Beth Strange, who invites them for a Saturday night party to celebrate the home-coming of her sister Vanessa Morris, just back from Australia. At the party, Clem is disturbed by the apparent closeness of Bret and Vanessa, but Bret assures her there are no broken hearts. Thad however, in one of his confiding moods, lets fall to Clem, that Bret and Vanessa were indeed "involved" two years ago. Tom Rowland, the Nelson's farmworker is laid up in hospital with a motor-cycle accident and Bret tries to fix up a temporary hand from Aputa.

FOUR: Ned Kelly the temporary worker is a fascinating man a widely travelled author who does odd jobs for the pleasure of experience. Clem is impressed. One weekend Thad confides in Clem about his feelings for Vanessa. He wants to propose but is afraid of a rebuff, because the girl clearly prefers Bret. Later Vanessa drops in for lunch at the farm and Clem watching Bret and her, cannot escape the conviction that Thad is right. To make matters worse, Vanessa seeks out Clem, bursting with a secret confidence she is eager to transmit. She invites Clem for lunch on Thursday for a heart-to-heart talk. Clem though disturbed, accepts. Meanwhile Bret has planned a sightseeing pleasure trip for Clem and also arranged for her to stay with Nicola and Owen for it. Vanessa's lunch is postponed and Clem departs for Auckland. During the sight-seeing Nicola has a bad fall. Her pregnancy is threatened.

NOW READ ON. . .

THE fall had not caused serious damage. The hospital discharged Nicola after a check-up, but they advised her to rest in bed for a few days. Clem offered to stay on to help, and Owen gratefully accepted over Nicola's protest.

"I want to do it," Clem insisted. "There isn't any reason why

PART FIVE

My Darling Clementina

Daphne Clair

"My Darling Clementina" was originally published by Mills and Boon Ltd., London (c) Daphne Clair Australian copyright 1978.

I can't stay a few days, and make sure that you get the rest you're supposed to have."

After Nicola had got back on her feet, she said to Clem, "You're welcome to stay on, as a guest now — not an unpaid nurse and housekeeper."

Clem wondered what to do. She had promised to see Vanessa on Thursday and had already put the girl off once.

"Are you so anxious to get back then? What's the attraction?" Bret snapped, when she put it to him.

"It's just that I promised Vanessa I would lunch with her on Thursday. Remember, I had to cancel our arrangement last week. It seems rather offhand to do it again."

"Vanessa won't mind. I'll ring Mother and let her know you're staying. She'll give Vanessa the message." He stood up to go to the phone, and seeing the slight rebellion on her face, added, "I'm going to be flat out at work this week, and working late. It's doubtful I'd have time to drive you back, till the weekend."

Vanessa's anxiety to talk to her sent a shiver of apprehension through her. Once, she thought she would throw caution to the winds and tell Bret she would marry him. But the moment passed and then she was beset by doubts and fears and a conviction that she must wait at least till she had seen Vanessa, before making a final decision.

So, when Saturday came and Bret and Clem travelled to the farm together, he found her aloof

and often ironical. For Clem felt the need of protection and this had always been her way of donning defences against the world.

She was glad when they reached the farm and shamelessly used the various members of the household and their visitors all weekend to keep an unnoticed distance between her and Bret.

When there were meals to be prepared or dishes to be washed, Clem was helping. If someone suggested a game or a walk, she eagerly joined in. When a group foregathered on the verandah for conversation, Clem was one of its members. She even spent an hour in the tractor shed on Saturday afternoon, passing tools and turning over the motor for Ned, who was fixing the engine.

"You're a great mate Clem," he told her. "But I mustn't keep you from your mate too long. Want to go and join him?" He nodded through the open doorway and following his gaze, she saw Bret, a solitary figure strolling along a fenceline about a hundred yards away.

He had his head down and his hands in his pockets, but just then he turned his head, looking towards the shed. Without even thinking about it, Clem ducked quietly back from the doorway.

Ned wiped his hands on the rag and put away the tools.

"Had a fight, did you?" he asked mildly.

"No."

"Okay mate, I know how to mind my own business, if that's what you want. But if you feel like talking anytime, just give in. Knocking around the world, a bloke gains quite a lot of knowledge about people and what makes them tick."

"Tell me about some of your travels, please," Clem parried.

"Or your books. Could I buy some of them in New Zealand?"

"I might lend you one," he said and regarded her thoughtfully. Then he said suddenly, "That great big hurt you're carrying inside you, Clem, it's no good caging it in bitterness. It will only get out and rampage about and hurt you again, and maybe someone else as well."

Clem turned and stared at him, but she was standing in the light now and could hardly see his face in the dimness of the shed.

"What do you know about it?" she whispered.

"I know it's there. At a guess I'd say, you've been nursing it a long time. You'd best let it go, girl."

Next day, catching Clem alone for a moment, Ned took her to his room and gave her the book he had promised to lend her. She was just going down the corridor clutching it, when she came face to face with Bret. Foolishly she tried to hide it.

"Do you feel like a walk?" he asked.

"Not really. Where is everybody?"

"In the front room. Ken and Elaine have just arrived."

"Oh have they?" She began walking away from him. "I must go and say hello to them."

"Must you?" he muttered under his breath, but she pretended not to hear.

She chatted with Ken and Elaine, played with Sara and ensconced herself in the bosom of the family for the rest of the day. When it was time for Bret to leave, she saw him off with the child in her arms.

"Say goodbye to Uncle Bret," Clem hastily told Sara, and obediently Sara planted a moist kiss on Bret's cheek.

"Do I get one from you?" he asked smoothly, not attempting to move closer.

"Of course." She kissed him quickly on the mouth and was relieved when he just let her do it without any sign of response.

For a few moments he stood looking at her, and she gave him a nervous, half-apologetic smile, which he did not return.

He got into his car, slamming the door with more than usual force and drove swiftly away.

* * *

Vanessa had not been in touch since Clem's return. Guiltily Clem knew that she should make the first move, but cowardice prevented her. On Thursday, she went to the squash court as usual and Vanessa was there. Clem apologised at once for breaking two lunch dates in a row.

"That's all right," Vanessa smiled. "I quite understand. How is Nicola?"

Clem assured her she was fine and had suffered no ill effects after the fall.

"I suppose," Vanessa asked a little diffidently, "you would be free today? It would be pot-luck, but if you fancy cold meat and salad. . ."

On the brink of refusing, Clem pulled herself together and smiled her acceptance. Nothing could be gained by putting off this confrontation any longer, she reminded herself. She promised to phone Mrs. Nelson and explain she wouldn't be home for lunch. Vanessa's answering smile held relief that was unmistakable.

The two girls washed up after the simple meal and then Vanessa led Clem outside into a charming garden.

"Let's sit here," Vanessa suggested. "It's very private, because you can see anyone coming."

CLEM WANTED TO THROW CAUTION TO THE WINDS AND ACCEPT BRET'S PROPOSAL BUT SHE FIRST WANTED TO HEAR WHAT VANESSA HAD TO SAY

They sat down and Clem waited expectantly. At length Vanessa smiled rather shyly and said, "You must be wondering what this is all about, or have you guessed?"

"I'm not sure. Suppose you tell me?"

"When I was eighteen," Vanessa began, "I fell rather madly in love. Very few people in the district knew about it. He was one of those all-male types — very handsome, very dreamy. He made me feel I was the only woman for him. Only I wasn't. I found that out after about six months. He wasn't interested in anything lasting or serious. I overheard him boasting one night to his friends, about me and other girls he had — had found equally willing. It was the most humiliating experience of my life."

Clem murmured in sympathy, "I can imagine."

"At first I didn't realise what was happening. The only boys who seemed interested in dating me turned out to be — well, interested in only one thing. I began to think all men were like that. Then I discovered by a roundabout way that my ex-boy friend, whom I'd severed all connections with, had been spreading the word adding a few embellishments on the side."

"How absolutely rotten!" Clem exclaimed.

"Yes. Wasn't it? And I'm afraid I reacted rather stupidly. There was a fairly rowdy crowd that I got in with. I felt there was safety in numbers. One night, things got a bit out of hand. There was a crowd of us in a car. We had had too much to drink. We crashed. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, but there were court appearances and of course more talk — then Bret came to my rescue."

Clem felt her breath catch in her throat.

"I'd known the Nelsons for years of course, but Bret was quite a bit older and I'd not had much to do with him. He was over here talking to Dad one day, and I was moping around the house. My parents only knew half the story, and weren't too pleased about the latest developments. Bret was going into town and I asked him to give me a lift, just to get out of the house. I sat pretty silent while he was driving and I suppose with a long face. Bret looked at me and said, "Been having a rough time of it lately, haven't you, young Vanessa?" His voice was so gentle that I broke down and cried. He pulled up to the side of the road and let me weep all over him for ages. Then he made me tell him about it. It was such a relief!"

"That's when you started going round with Bret?"

"Yes. He said I had to break the pattern and he would like to offer his services, if I didn't think he was too old and uninteresting!" Vanessa laughed. "I ask you! I was the envy of all the other girls. Of course, what they didn't know was that Bret treated me exactly as an older brother would."

"Did he?" exclaimed Clem.

"Oh yes. Didn't he tell you?"

"No. I thought you and he had some kind of love affair."

"I thought he would have explained, but no. Bret is very good at keeping other people's secrets."

Clem began to smile. "I thought you wanted to talk to me and tell me that you and Bret were in love, and ask me to break my engagement with him."

"Why ever should you think that?"

"You obviously had some special relationship with him. And there were other things..."

Vanessa suddenly looked stricken. "Like the fact that I clung to him whenever I came to the

Continued on page 29

FROM THE SCRAP BAG!

The odds and ends that are usually swept away and end up as garbage are valuable treasures for Joyce Murzello of Bombay, who has created the attractive wall-hangings featured here. Scraps of material, pieces of felt, lace and braid, beads and sequins, discarded ear-rings all find an appropriate place in the setting. Even the base material of the collages are left-over pieces.

Joyce, a kindergarten teacher by profession, designs and sews her own and her daughter's outfits, even her son's and husband's shirts, in her leisure hours. The remnants from these supply material for another spare time activity. She is an enthusiastic handicraft hobbyist. From bits and pieces which a home-sewer inevitably collects, she makes sling bags, jean patches, needle cases and toys.

ZARINA WAHAB: "...no hurry to reach the top"

Vijaya Irani

The Zarina I knew way back when her "Anokha" was being planned for release, and which later proved a failure at the box-office, had been full of confidence, talking cosily of an assured place in the higher-up positions in the film galaxy There is absolutely no difference now in the girl who has since then achieved quite a few hit films, critical acclaim, popularity. If anything, she looks more contented.

She had just got back from a holiday in Singapore, having had a five-day spell of no shooting there. But once back, she has plunged headlong into long, strenuous hours of work. Her long thick hair knotted up, dressed in a cool salwar-khameez, she sat back, rubbing her knees and ankles; she had just finished a whole day's session of dance practice for the film "Jasbaat" being made by Rajshree Productions. Being a good dancer, she was very happy to be doing this film which has a totally heroine-based story.

Ever since her "Chitchor" clicked and gave her the big break she needed, she has felt indebted to Rajshree Productions. "You see. I find it difficult to say no to anyone badly requiring dates, or to people like the Barjatyas. I have done 'Gopal Krishna' and 'Naiyya' and 'Sawan Ko Aane Do' with them.

"The last, 'Sawan. . . .', with newcomer Arun Govil, has hardly any role for me — it is the hero's story . I told the Barjatyas that since I could not refuse any role offered by them, they should desist from asking me to play the lead roles in stories like 'Sawan . . .' where I had no scope for acting, so little footage. "They told me of course I had the option to refuse their film if the story didn't suit me. . . but one week later I was given this beautiful 'Jasbaat, completely centred on the female lead, and what's more, it is the story of a dancer — a theme so dear to my heart. Not many people know that I can dance.

"There are two people I am keen to work with — Gulzar and Manoj Kumar. In Gulzar's case this has been an obsession with me for so long, ever since the start of my career. I would love to work with a director of his calibre. He has only directed me for a brief shot for the muhurat of his erstwhile assistant Meraj's film being produced by Mallikarjun Rao. God, how nervous I was! He talks so softly, I could hardly hear what he was telling me to do; I did the shot by pure guesswork!

"Manoj Kumar is one of our best directors. Look what work he got out of every artist in 'Roti Kapada aur Makaan' — each role stood out like a model in histrionics."

Asked who her favourite co-star was (and I expected her to say Amol Palekar, her hero of the three successful films "Chitchor", "Agar" and "Gharaonda"), she just knitted her brows, smiled and said, "Ashok Kumar. I adore him. An actor of his repute and long experience would be expected to have at least a touch of arrogance, but no, he is so humble, and treats everyone, big and small, with such utter charm and warmth. We were recently working on Kalidasji's 'Akhri Insaaf' and it was such a pleasure working with him."

After much goading and show of reluctance, Zarina finally spoke about Dharmendra, whom she described as "very considerate and so modest. We were signed for 'Gardish' and after that I went to London for a fifteen-day holiday, since there was still time for the film to begin. It seems back in Bombay, Dharamji suddenly gave them immediate dates for the film and I could not possibly be available at such short notice. Then, do you know, he asked Meraj, the director, if they had taken my dates for those days. He said no, they hadn't, and Dharamji told them to wait till my return and he would give them dates after that.. Any other big star would have had the heroine changed!"

Oh yes, Zarina has had her share of the bitter experiences without which no star's life is complete. But she smiled and said, "Now I am cool, taking everything in my stride. I am in no hurry to reach the top, but one day I will."

Photograph : Anand Mahajan

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

NAIRA AHMADULLAH :

SPONTANEOUS, INTUITIVE

S. I. Clerk

As amply proved by her recent exhibition at the Taj Art Gallery Naira Ahmadullah would appear to be discovering the essential purpose of her drawings. So far she has been interested in specific forms in Nature and their design per se — shells were the subject in her last exhibition. Now she has moved away from the apparent design element in the various forms observed by

her in Nature and has become more involved with their inner significance and, in the process, with elements of surrealism, a wry humour and perhaps even a vague mysticism.

To a considerable extent, all this is unpremeditated, spontaneous, intuitive. For Naira starts a drawing with the least forethought (or even a reason). The theme is thought of at a later stage of the evolution of the drawing, at times even after it is finished.

Over the years the artist has developed a discerning eye for interesting forms in Nature. Today she sees human images in their natural forms and thus is able to integrate man and Nature. Thus, she expresses maybe man's lack of understanding of Nature, his search for his roots, or the city dweller thinking how he could develop the vast rural spaces lying fallow, procreation (bird, egg, nest, leaf) of Nature captured in man's homes (caged bird, flowers in a vase). At times, she tears even dissects, the natural forms or puts the world of night within an owl's body or a landscape in a bottle.

Seeing humans in natural forms she moves towards fantasia. But then she is not given to solemnizing. On the contrary, one notices a sort of a wry humour creeping into her drawings at times. In all probability a social satire.

She also evinces a certain veering towards surrealism, vaguely Daliesque. But then her fantasy is not a totally weird world. For what she strives to express is not her subconscious. Far from that, she is still deeply involved with the social ethos from which she is not prepared to run away to either pure imagination or a dreamworld. Thus, she is too extrovert to succumb to the temptation of completely giving in to weirdness. This somewhat midway stance is her forte today.

On another level too Naira refuses to be carried away by her imagination but insists on being master over all. She fully understands her medium and materials. Hence her sensitive exploitation of the surface and the texture of the hand-made paper occasionally used by her in her last exhibition and the miniature-like filling in of the smallest areas of her drawings. One also noticed that she is at present attempting to incorporate bits of multicolour in her otherwise black and white drawings. One who has associated her with black and white over the years may find it difficult to visualize her in terms of colour.

Her last exhibition was also marked for its inclusion of her serigraphs (graphics). Is this a diversion for her from her drawings? Be that as it may, the approach is different. They immediately reveal a fascinating play of volume and space. Her "palette" ranges from rich velvetty blacks to paper whites. She obtains the many gradations of greys through her characteristic subtle and meticulous working in the various areas. These serigraphs reveal an altogether different facet of the artist. In them the human element dominates Nature. Simultaneously, they are infused by fantasia — a hand jutting out from behind a tree trunk, some suspended objects, a picture within a picture. . .

Naira fascinates with her vivid imagination (rich but tamed), her unique approach, her well mastered technique. She has something "substantial" to express and knows well how to express it with an impact.

PAPER PATTERN–9

Sheroo Cooper

COOPER'S TAILORING AND CUTTING ACADEMY

WRAP-UP IN STYLE
Wrap-around Top

A free size wrap-around top for young teenagers. It's reversible — no buttons, no zippers. Just slip on, wrap and tie and you're all set.

See the pull out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions.

FASHION VENTURE!

1. A saree turned into a beautiful evening gown with gathers at waist and long billowy sleeves. Paisley motifs accentuate the front yoke.

2. A scarf turned into a knee-length top. Straight cut shoulders and elastic waist to give a perfect fit. Wear it with churidars or narrow parallels for a new look.

Shelley Homick — the young model from Canada — enlivens the fashion scene this week. Looking very confident in Indian styles, she carries off the outfits with her flair for clothes, adding to the beauty of the fabric and the designs. MUNIRA CHUDASAMA has designed these comfortable styles in soft workable fabrics for women who like to feel confidently well dressed year in and year out.

3. A figure hugging maxi in flaming orange has an embroidered yoke in gold. A portion of the yoke continues at shoulders with a Magyar look.

4. Stripes go fashionable — a midi with vertical and horizontal striped tiers has long sleeves caught at wrist. An Indian style embroidered waist jacket gives the outfit a mod look.

Location Courtesy : Sun-N-Sand Hotel, Juhu, Bombay.

MAGNETIC CURES

Text and Photos by Kumud Mohan

Gopal Chitra Kuteer

Cleopatra used to wear a magnet on her forehead. Maybe it was an amulet — a safety device against evil powers — or just a trinket. But magnet therapists believe that Cleopatra's magnet was the main reason for her everlasting beauty and youth.

Actually, a recent advertisement from Japan reads: "Live life with all the pleasure in perennial youth, free from stiff shoulders, muscular ache, constipation, hypertension, etc. through the marvellous effect of Aimante."

Aimante is a well-known firm in Tokyo manufacturing magnetic items under a certificate for medical appliances issued by the Welfare Ministry of Japan. It advertises the use of magnetic bands, braids, bedpads, necklaces for enhancing and preserving feminine health, beauty and charm.

DO MAGNETS HAVE A SPECIAL AFFINITY FOR WOMEN?

Amongst our ancient texts, the Atharva Veda gives detailed descriptions of various feminine desorders cured with the help of "ashman," a magnetic substance. Recently I met Dr. M.T. Santwani who has treated several gynaecological cases in his seven years as a magnet therapist (Dr. Santwani is also a homeopath of 14 years' standing).

"Magnets have a definite effect on living organisms," says Dr. Santwani. "They have the ability to draw out pain without any side effects. I know a typist who used to have so much pain during menses that she was forced to take leave from her office every month. This woman approached me in July last year and took regular magnetic treatment for three months. After that she has had normal menses with no blood clotting either."

Dr. Santwani also successfully dealt with a condition known as "leucorrhoea" in which there is thick white discharge from the vagina. One Mrs. S., a young housewife in R.K. Puram, was suffering from this infection for several years. She had three miscarriages in succession. At the time of the fourth pregnancy she approached Dr. Santwani who applied the two poles of a pair of magnets to the soles of her feet and the north pole of another magnet on the ovarian region — ten minutes daily. This was done until the seven month of pregnancy. (After that there was a possibility of the foetus being harmed by the magnet.) The pregnancy proved fruitful this time and Mrs. S. now has two daughters aged five and three years.

WHY MAGNETS ARE APPLIED TO THE SOLES OF THE FEET

Dr. Santwani explained that there are different points on the body through which magnetic treatment is very effective. For instance, the palms of the hands are effective in treating ailments of the upper half of the body such as headache, backache, pain

Aimante, a Tokyo firm manufactures magnetic items which preserve health and beauty.

TOP: Application of magnets help relieve pain in the body after delivery, and help overcome obesity.

RIGHT: Ceramic magnets are used to cure headaches and insomnia.

in the neck or shoulders and obesity after delivery. Application under the soles is done in cases of menstrual and urinary troubles as well as pains in the lower half of the body. Always the N-pole is applied to the right part of the body and the S-pole to the left part. In a number of ailments drinking magnetised water (that is, water exposed to a magnetic field) is also advised.

ARE THE SAME MAGNETS APPLIED ON ALL PARTS OF THE BODY?

"No, we don't apply strong magnets to delicate organs like the heart and eyes. For these there are special ceramic magnets which are light and of low power. We also have different magnets for different age groups. For adults we recommend magnets up to three kilo gauss (capable of lifting an iron block of 10 kg). For older children (10-15 years) we use magnets of 1.5 kilo gauss, and ceramic magnets for small children as well as for delicate organs. With these simple tools we can tackle almost all feminine problems: amenorrhoea or late and scanty menses, dysmenorrhoea or painful menses, as well as inflammation of the womb or ovaries, Menorrhagia or prolonged bleeding, Leucorrhoea or white discharge, and Metrorrhagia or profuse bleeding not connected with menses but tumours, lesions etc.."

WHAT ABOUT BEAUTY?

This is a debatable point according to Dr. Santwani. Magnet therapy can reduce weight and also increase the height in some cases (by stimulating the pitutary glands). Also, magnets can be used to cure skin diseases like eczema and leucoderma.

I talked to one Sujata Iyengar, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, who explained how four years ago she was horrified to find white patches forming on her face, hands and body for no apparent reason. After all, nobody in her family had ever suffered from leucoderma. Sujata took a year's treatment from a homeopath, but her problem only became worse. Two years' treatment from an allopath brought no relief either. Finally, six months' treatment with magnets — 15 minutes' application on the soles and palms daily — wiped out almost all the offensive patches.

I asked Dr. Santwani what he felt about using magnetic necklaces, bands, bedpads, etc. There's an Indian company manufacturing electrically magnetised chairs which are supposed to relax and rejuvenate. Were these effective and safe?

Dr. Santwani said that usually only mild magnets are used in necklaces etc. These are quite safe and do help to reduce fatigue if used constantly. As for chairs, they are used in clinics under medical advice. So far they are not known to have harmed anyone. "In any case, whenever applying magnets, one should remember to apply them on an empty stomach and not bathe nor take cold drinks or food just after application," cautioned Dr. Santwani.

Dr. H. L. Bansal, magnet therapist, applies a magnet on a patient suffering from stomach-ache.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINA

Continued from page 21

house. Oh, Clem, I'm sorry! I didn't think. I've always looked on Bret as my protection, you see, so I automatically run to him."

"Who do you need protection from now?" Clem asked curiously.

"Thad."

"Thad?" Clem echoed.

"Yes. I'm in love with him Clem, but I'm scared of getting hurt again."

Clem began to laugh. What a tangle of soul-searching for nothing! Both in love and afraid to say so!

When Clem told her how it was, Vanessa looked searchingly at her and said, "Thank you Clem."

* * *

When Clem returned to the Nelson home, it was to learn that Tom had been given the doctor's permission to return to work, but as his motor-bike was wrecked in the accident, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson had to pick him up in the car. They asked Clem if she would like to go with them, but she declined, offering instead to provide some help with the milking and also have the evening meal ready for them so that they need not hurry home.

'Well," Ned said, stretching some wire taut between the poles to make a fencing, "reckon that's about the last job I'll do on this place, except for a couple of milkings."

"You don't mean you'll be leaving so soon?" Clem was dismayed.

"Sure thing. Tom's fit for work again and that's my signal to move on."

"I'll miss you," she said impulsively. He came up behind her and put an arm around her drooping shoulders.

"I'll miss you too. Hey now, not going to cry, are you Clem?"

"I never cry."

"Give us a smile then. Send me an invitation for your wedding care of, my publisher. I'll get it."

"I'll do that."

Later, when Ned went to check some cows in one of the back paddocks, she walked lightheartedly along the line of the new fence and started up the hill towards the trees.

At first she did not believe she was seeing the tall figure coming down to meet her. Bret! So unexpected. He wasn't to have come till tomorrow. She broke into a run because everything was suddenly glorious and she wanted to tell him that she would marry him.

She called his name and would have gone straight into his arms, but his tight grip on her shoulder stopped her short. She looked with sudden shock into a face wearing an expression that wiped her smile and made her eyes widen in surprise.

Then he smiled himself, but there was no reassurance in it for her. His eyes were narrow and glittery.

"What's the matter?" Clem asked blankly.

"This is quite unexpected," he said. "You seem pleased to see me."

"I am. And **you're** the one who was unexpected," she replied, trying to laugh. "I didn't think I would see you until tomorrow. Are you going to kiss me?"

"Are you asking me to?" he said, with an odd note in his voice.

Colouring slightly she said, "Yes."

His fingers hurt her shoulders as he pulled her close to him, and as her lips opened in astonished protest, the sound of her voice was muffled by his mouth, descending in a savage shattering kiss.

"Bret . . . don't!"

"You asked for it remember?" His voice was low and hard.

"Not like this!" she gulped.

"What's the matter?" he drawled. "Doesn't it measure up to Ned's love making?"

"What on earth do you mean?" Clem asked astonished.

"You didn't see me coming down the trees. You and Ned were in the open. I had a good view."

Far from having a good view of them, he had obviously jumped to outrageous conclusions because of the distance, mistaking innocent affection for love making.

To be continued

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PERSONAL CHOICE

TEA-TIME DELIGHTS

For RINA MEDIRATTA, a tea-party is one of the most enjoyable meals to prepare, as it gives her an amazing amount of scope in providing her guests with delicious cakes, biscuits and sandwiches.
Her childhood interest in cooking inspired her to take up a course in Home Science after her B.A. from St. Xaviers.
Very much interested in music and enjoys reading as well.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

PINEAPPLE RINGS

4 eggs
120 grams flour
½ tsp. baking powder
1 small tin pineapple
200 grams fresh cream
A little yellow colouring
120 gram castor sugar

Sieve the flour and baking powder. Separate the egg yolks from the whites. Beat the egg whites till stiff. Gradually add the castor sugar. Add the egg yolks and beat well. Fold in the flour. Grease a 7"x11" baking tray. Put the mixture into the tray and bake at 218°C for 10 to 12 minutes. Remove when baked. Keep the sponge on a floured butter paper. Roll up. Keep the roll aside for an hour. Remove the paper and unroll the sponge. Spread half of the whipped cream, sugar, yellow colouring and the pineapple pieces on the sponge Roll the cake once again. Slice and decorate with glace cherries.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

4 eggs
20 grams flour
½ tsp. baking powder
120 grams castor sugar
1 tbsp. cocoa
100 grams cream
FOR THE SAUCE:
180 grams brown sugar
90 grams cocoa
½ pint milk

Prepare the sponge cake as shown in the Pineapple Rings recipe, with addition of cocoa to the flour. When ready, cut the cake horizontally into two halves. Whip the cream with sugar. Spread the cream on the bottom half of the cake and sandwich with the second half. Leave aside.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Put all the given ingredients in a sauce pan. Stir until the sugar dissolves. Boil for 2 minutes or until a thick consistency is formed. Spread the sauce over the cake and decorate with walnuts.

CHEESE CAKE

150 grams marie biscuits
60 grams melted butter
240 grams fresh cottage cheese
2 eggs
120 grams castor sugar
1 tsp. lime juice
120 grams cream
½ tsp. vanilla essence

Powder the biscuits. Mix butter into the biscuits. Line a pie dish with this mixture. Beat the eggs till fluffy. Gradually add 90 grams of sugar and keep beating. Fold in the lime juice and cheese. Pour the mixture into the lined pie dish. Bake at 190°C for 20 to 25 minutes. Remove from the oven and increase the oven temperature to 218°C. Whip the cream with the remaining 30 grams of sugar. Add vanilla essence. Top the cake with this cream. Keep in the oven for 5 minutes. Remove. Cool, and keep in the refrigerator. Remove from the fridge one hour before serving. Decorate with glace cherries.

NAN KHATAI

150 grams flour
50 grams semolina
100 grams ghee
100 grams castor sugar
A pinch of soda
½ tsp. cardamom powder

Mix sugar and ghee. Beat until light and fluffy. Add flour and soda gradually. Mix well till it resembles a soft dough. Leave the dough aside for half an hour. Make small balls of the dough. Press them a little with cardamom powder. Put them on a greased and floured baking tray at intervals. Bake in a medium oven for 15-20 minutes.

BAKED VEGETABLES ON TOAST

½ kg mix vegetables (equal quantity of carrots, peas, cauliflower, French beans and potatoes)
6 slices bread

FOR THE SAUCE:

15 grams butter
15 grams flour
¼ litre milk
60 grams cheese
½ tsp. mustard powder
Salt and pepper to taste

Clean, dice and boil the vegetables in salt water. Melt the butter. Remove from the fire. Add flour and keep stirring. Put it back on the fire. Add milk and whisk well until it comes to a boil. Add half of the cheese, salt and pepper and mustard powder. Remove. Now halve the bread slices. Lightly fry in butter. Mix the white sauce with the boiled vegetables and spread them on the fried toast. Sprinkle grated cheese. Bake in the oven or grill them. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

PIZZA

FOR THE DOUGH:

150 grams flour
60-90 grams warm milk or water
1 tsp. dry yeast
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. sugar
1 tbsp. salad oil

FOR THE TOPPING:

2-3 tbsps. salad oil
1 onion, crushed
¼ tsp. garlic, crushed
4 medium sized tomatoes blanched and chopped
Salt to taste
½ tsp. sugar
120 grams cheese, grated
1 capsicum, sliced

FOR THE DOUGH:

Add yeast and sugar to the milk. Cover and keep aside for 15 mins. to rise. Mix flour, salt and salad oil. Now add the yeast mixture and then knead into a dough. Cover and keep the dough in a warm place for atleast 2-3 hours till it becomes double its size. Roll the dough into a 7" round.

FOR THE TOPPING:

Heat oil and fry the garlic and onion into a light brown. Add tomatoes, sugar, salt and cook till oil separates. Cool the mixture. Spread the tomato mixture on the rolled out dough, leaving ½ inch from all sides. Sprinkle with cheese. Arrange capsicums. Pour a little oil 2-3 tsps. on it and bake at 280°C for 15 to 20 minutes.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

FOR THE FILLING:

4 tbsps. cornflour
2 eggs
240 grams castor sugar
2 lemons
2 cups boiling water
Little butter
4 tbsps. cold water

FOR THE PASTRY:

240 grams flour
A pinch of salt
120 grams butter
1-2 tbsps. water

FOR THE PASTRY:

Sieve the flour and salt. Rub in the butter till it resembles breadcrumbs. Mix very lightly. Add little cold water and form it into a soft dough. Keep in the fridge for ½ an hour. Roll out the dough on the floured board. Keep in the fridge again for ½ an hour. Then put it in the 7" round cake tin and press it lightly on the sides to even out. Cut it with a pastry cutter to give a nice edge. Prick with a fork. Bake blind for 20 minutes, till golden brown.

FOR THE FILLING:

Mix cornflour in little water. Boil 2 cups of water and add to the cornflour. Cook stirring all the time for 2-3 mts till thick consistency is formed. Add 120 grams castor sugar and mix well.

Grate the rind of lemon and mix in the mixture. Mix lemon juice. Separate the egg yolks from the whites. Beat the yolks and put them in the mixture. Add butter and stir well. Cool slightly. Beat the egg whites till stiff. Gradually add 120 grams sugar, 1 tbsp. at a time. Keep beating. Fill the pastry with the egg mixture and top it with meringue. Cover completely. Bake in a slow oven for 20 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

COOKERY QUEEN

BASANTI DEVI,
Assam.

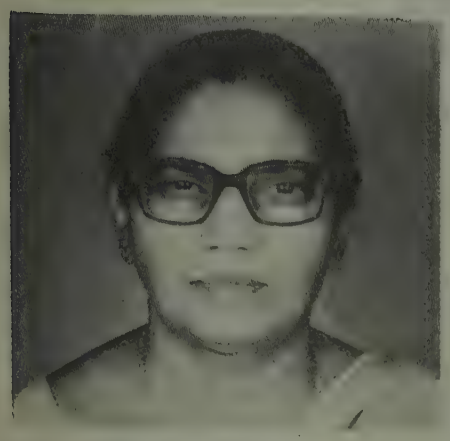
Mrs. Devi wins Rs. 100 for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Saucette from Trupti Industries, a cash prize of Rs. 101 from Weikfield and a Lifelong Food Warmer, Popular model from Trading Engineers, New Delhi.

SAVOURY BREAD BASKET

6 slices bread
300 grams prawns
100 grams potatoes, boiled and mashed
1 onion, minced
50 grams butter
25 grams cheese, grated
2 tomatoes, chopped
Salt and pepper powder to taste

Clean, devein and wash the prawns. Boil, shell and grind with a rolling pin. Add one tablespoon butter, mashed potato, onion, salt and black pepper powder. Mix well and form into a soft dough. Keep aside. Cut the bread slices into rounds. Apply butter on one side and moisten them with wet hand. Now fit the slices into greased small round cake moulds with buttered side down. Put the prawn-potato mixture into the baskets. Sprinkle cheese over it and scatter a few tomato pieces on top. Bake till cheese melts. Remove the bread baskets from the moulds and serve hot.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

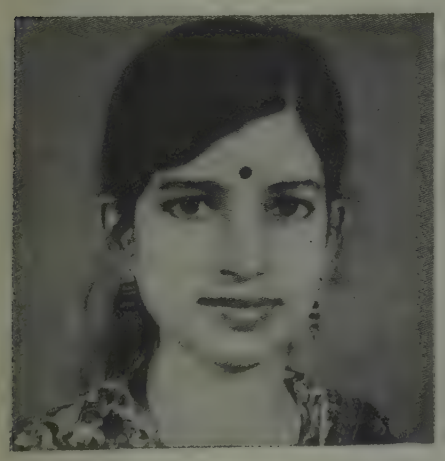


Mrs. Taraben Shah, Baroda.

PALAK PAKODA

½ kg palak
200 grams gram flour (besan)
Salt and turmeric powder to taste
2 green chillis, finely sliced
A pinch of soda bicarb
A pinch of asafoetida
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. mustard seeds
A few groundnuts

Wash the palak. Chop into small pieces. Mix with gram flour. Add the required amount of water to make it into a thin paste. Add salt, turmeric powder, sliced green chillis. Add soda. Now spread this paste in a thali. Heat water in dekchi. Now carefully place the thali in the dekchi taking care to see the water in the dekchi does not enter the thali. After about 10 minutes remove the dekchi from the heat. Cut it into small pieces when cool. Heat little oil in a karahi. Add the groundnuts along with asafoetida, cummin seeds and mustard seeds. When they turn brown, add the steamed pieces. Stir well. Remove after three to four minutes.



Mrs. Swarna Misra, Orissa.

MASOOR DAL ROLLS

FOR THE PANCAKES :

2 eggs
1 cup flour
½ tsp. salt
2 cups water
2 tbsps. refine oil

FOR THE ROLL :

2 tbsps. flour
2 tbsps. refine oil
Tooth picks

FOR THE FILLING :

½ cup masoor dal (lentil)
2 large onions
6 pods garlic
2" piece ginger
2 green chillis
1 tsp. garam masala
½ tsp. sugar
2 red chillis
2 tbsps. mustard oil
Salt to taste

FOR THE PANCAKES :

Beat the eggs. Add flour, water, salt and make a smooth batter. Keep it covered in a warm place for four hours. Heat oil in a fry pan. Make 10 small pancakes. Keep the pancakes covered with a damp cloth. Allow to cool.

Soak the masoor dal for two hours. Grind into a smooth paste. Cut one onion and green chillis into small pieces. Grind the remaining onion with garlic, ginger and red chillis. Heat mustard oil in a pan. Add sugar. When the sugar turns brown put in the chopped green chillis and onion Fry little. Add the ground masala. Fry till oil floats onto the top. Add dal and salt to taste. Cook on slow fire stirring constantly till the dal is cooked. Do not add any water. Add garam masala powder. Remove from the fire.

Divide this mixture into ten parts. Take the pancakes one by one. Fill one portion with the dal mixture. Roll up and firmly fix the edge. Secure the two open sides with tooth picks. Heat the oil in a frying pan. Fry the rolls till light brown. Remove the tooth picks. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

WEEKLY WINNER

PARVEEN FAROOQUI, Coimbatore.

Mrs. Farooqui wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield and a 1000 ml. Coconut Oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

SHAHI ROLLS

1 loaf bread, sliced
500 grams khoya
750 grams sugar
1½ litres milk
50 grams coconut, grated
50 grams raisins
1 tsp. almonds, pistachios, finely chopped
Silver varakh
A pinch of saffron
Ghee for frying
1 tsp. kewra water

Soak the saffron in two tablespoon of warm milk. Mix half the sugar and all the coconut and raisin in the khoya. If the mixture is too dry add a little milk. Make small balls with the khoya mixture as many as the bread slices. Soak the bread slices one by one in a little milk. Place one khoya ball in the centre and roll up, forming into a nice roll. Use up all slices of bread and khoya balls in this manner. Heat ghee and fry them carefully till golden. Make a thin syrup from the remaining sugar. Cool and strain.

Arrange the fried rolls in a large oven proof dish, pour the sugar syrup, milk and saffron extract. Cover with a lid and bake in a moderate oven for 30-40 minutes or till the liquid is completely absorbed. Decorate with silver varakh and chopped almonds and pistachios. Add kewra water. Cover for five minutes. Serve hot or cold.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

September, 1979
CORN RECIPES

October, 1979
COOKING WITH LEFTOVERS

November, 1979
FESTIVE SWEETS

All entries for September should reach us by August 5, October entries by September 5, and November entries by October 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

GOODNESS - DO YOU STILL HAVE THE HICCUPS ?
WHAT DOES IT =HIC= SOUND LIKE?
TRY EATING A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR...THAT WORKS FOR ME -
IT DIDN'T =HIC= WORK FOR ME !
I ALSO TRIED HOLDING MY BREATH WHILE STANDING ON MY HEAD -
WHY DON'T YOU TRY HOPPING ON ONE LEG DOWN TO THE GROCERY STORE AND BACK, HOLDING A TOOTH-PICK IN YOUR MOUTH?
=HIC=
WILL THAT CURE HICCUPS ?
I DON'T KNOW - BUT I NEED A POUND OF BUTTER -
!
9-3
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A doctor, he slipped down a well.

He died without a moan;
He should have tended to the sick

And left the well alone.

* * *

Two psychiatrists were out playing golf one day. The first one missed the putt and said, "Nuts!"

The second one without looking up said, "Please, let's not talk shop."

* * *

Two women friends ran into each other at the door of a psychiatrist's office "Hello there," said one. "Are you coming or going?"

"If I knew that," was the reply, "I wouldn't be here at all."

* * *

A man went to his psychiatrist and told him that whenever he put his hat on, he could hear music. The psychiatrist took his hat into another room and returned three minutes later and said "Right. Now try the hat on.'

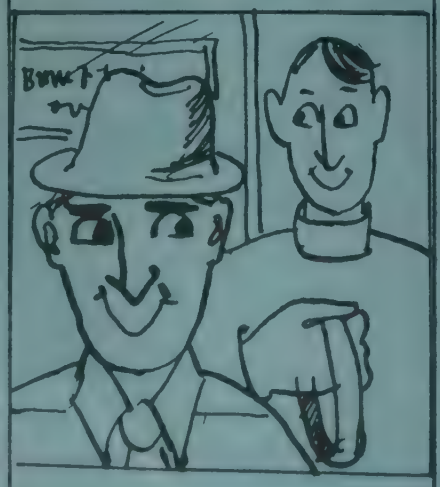
THAT'S A LAUGH!

He did so and exclaimed: "Wonderful. The music's gone. Whatever did you do, doctor?"

Said the psychiatrist: "I removed the band."

* * *

The patient met his mate as he was leaving the hospital and told him that he'd seen a psychiatrist. "I used to be so conceited that I had to see him," he told his friend. "Now after only three months' treatment I'm one of the nicest chaps you could wish to meet."



* * *

Patient: "Gosh, I'm pleased with myself, doc."

Psychiatrist: "How's that?"

Patient: "I saved a girl from being attacked."

Psychiatrist: "How did you manage that?"

Patient: "I controlled myself."

* * *

Heard about the expectant film star father in the maternity hospital? He wanted to name his baby Oscar because it was his best performance of the year.

* * *

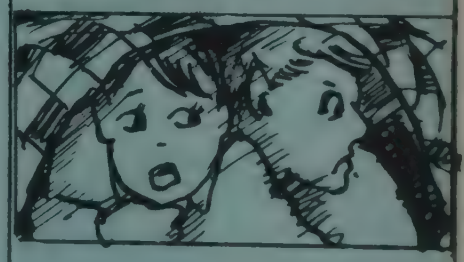
"You say this doctor has a large practice?"

"Yes. It's so large that when a patient has nothing the matter with him, he tells him so."

* * *

"Oh doctor, I have sent for you certainly, but I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in medical science."

"Tut-tut," said the doctor. "That doesn't matter in the least. You see a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

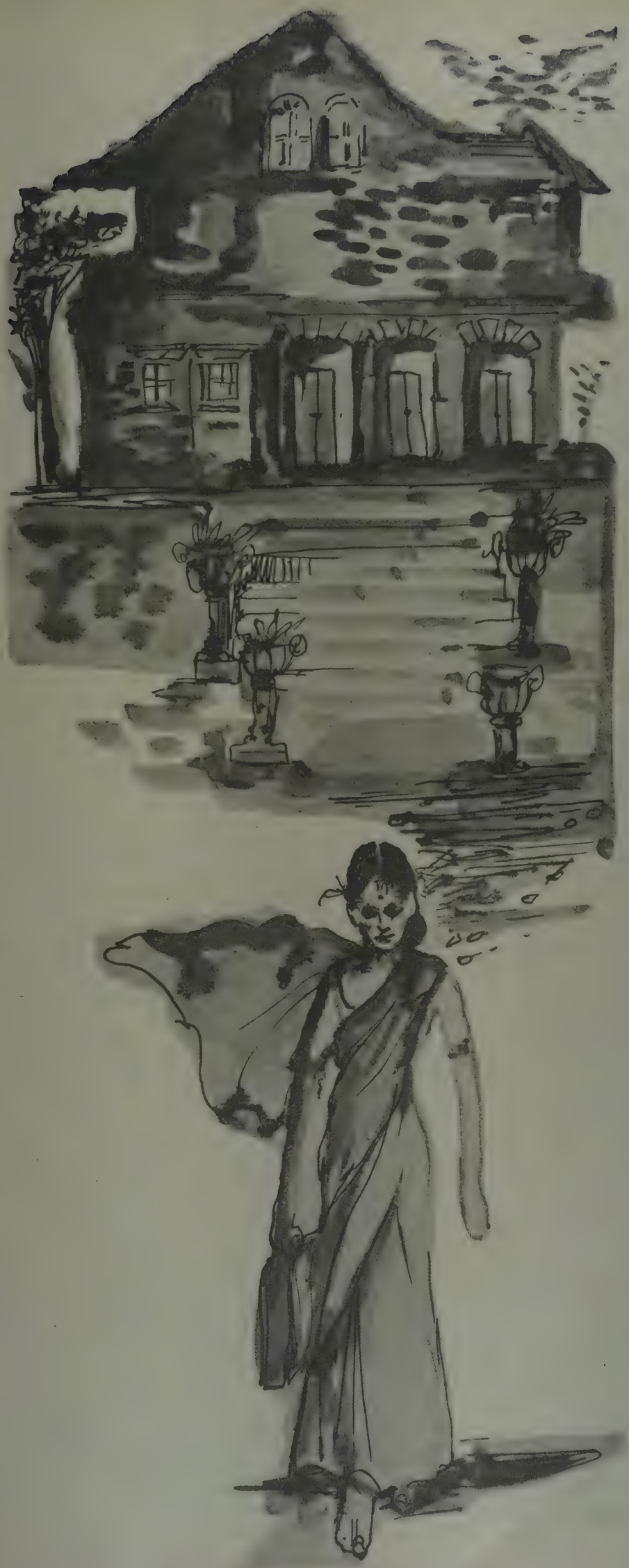


* * *

Two boy scouts were camping in the woods and were hiding under the blankets to ward off hordes of mosquitoes. One of the kids saw a couple of glow worms and said to his companion: "We might as well give up, Tony. Those mosquitoes are out searching for us with lanterns."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

the home that never became mine



Dear Abha,

Your letter arrived yesterday. What pleasure it brought with it! You mentioned that you wanted to stop on the way and spend a few days with me. How wonderful it would have been to renew old memories and to bask in the glow of our friendship once again. But now, to save myself extreme sadness and to prevent you from being embarrassed I have to write this letter. It is because I need to preserve our friendship that I must confide in you the truth of my life.

I am no longer the same friendly, outgoing young girl I was. Those carefree days seem to belong to some remote past. Laughter no longer makes such frequent ripples on life's surface. It is not that I lack material comfort, but I feel suffocated, as though some grip were preventing my normal and physical activities.

After marriage, normally, one hopes to double one's happiness, but my story turned out to be quite different. Now I look back on all the numerous occasions when my open, guileless nature landed me in situations where I was badly snubbed by my husband. Each time it makes me feel. with renewed severity, that I inhabit a place which does not belong to me.

An old friend, who lives in the States, in her travels around the world with her husband had made a special stop in India to spend a couple of days with us — a normal thing which takes place all the time the world over. As her arrival time was not known, she called me from the airport. It was after dinner time — late but not so late as to make any one panic. Our house is near the airport. I was planning to go and pick them up and bring them home, but Rakesh immediately chided me. I told them to take a cab and come home.

While I fixed their beds, a lengthy reproof accompanied the operation. What good would it do to have friends dropping in like that? What gain would it bring? In concrete, material terms I could name no gain. It was just the happiness of seeing an old friend.

THIS WAS NO WAY TO LIVE, FEARING THAT EVERY WARM AND SPONTANEOUS ACT OF MINE WOULD CALL FORTH A STERN REBUKE

"I am going off to sleep. You look after them yourself," Rakesh said and strode away angrily. By the time they arrived, my enthusiasm had dried up. My welcome was feigned, my gestures appeared to me to be artificial. At night I was given strict injunctions to move them out to a hotel or some other place the next day on the pretext that my father-in-law was coming to stay with us.

In the morning he appeared good and friendly to them. He told me to take them to the town and told them that they should let him know if they required anything. I raged within myself. The whole day I carried a bubble of tension in my head. These people had to be moved out by the evening. I knew they were at the end of their tour and had exhausted their money. I felt sorry for them, but I moved them out nevertheless. My friend wrote a couple of letters after that, but I did not wish to keep up with her. I felt a hoax.

An old friend of the family more like an old aunt, came to

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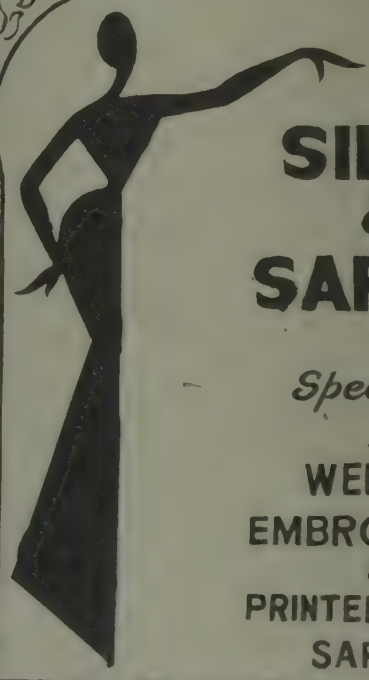

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the home that never became mine

spend three days. She had some work in town. Her coming created a frenzy in the house. "She keeps the light on till so late, and also the fan," was one of the complaints. Rakesh is not any worse off financially than many people I know. On himself he spends lavishly — on cigarettes, drinks, clubs and outings, alone of course. Sheepishly I went around trying to keep up a cheerful demeanour until poor aunt left.

You remember how we thought that the Bronte sisters' novels, "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Evre", were weird, frightening, abnormal? Well, now that Victorian abnormality has come alive in my life. I feel I cannot continue much longer pretending to lead a contented life when every moment I live under the dread that I might take a wrong step and be reprimanded for it.

Rakesh's job took us to a neighbouring country on a short assignment. With great enthusiasm my young sister came to visit us. It was quite some expenditure for a college going student to incur to come all the way, but she thought she would have a good holiday with her sister and brother-in-law. Those days were a period of mental torture for me. Every day he would ask me when she would go. There was a small club where films were shown once a week. We had never been to a single one of them, but when my sister was with us Rakesh one day came home with two tickets — one for me and one for himself! My people go out of the way to give us a good time whenever we visit them and now this was our treatment to my sister!

If someone drops in by chance and I have cooked something, however inexpensive, which I would like to share with them, I dare not ask them to stay on. The effort is to get them out as soon as possible. Sometimes Rakesh does not even appear before casual visitors and I am left making all kinds of excuses.

At parties, it is another story. If any man speaks to me he always accuses him of lecherous intentions and never fails to detect a leer in the man's eye. I am aware that every individual responds to life according to his own nature, but I am beginning to be very weary of it now.

If someone happens to telephone, he hovers around and tells me to stop chattering. It is as though my talking and laughing freely with other people breeds a sense of insecurity in him. In the market if we happen to meet someone and I spend one more minute talking than he desires, there is tension. But he can stand and chat as long as he wants even if I am tired and weary and anxious to reach home.

This constant nagging and effort to curb my naturalness has left me a nervous wreck and sapped my confidence. As you know I am not the flippant type who wastes time on coffee and card parties. But I do treasure the few friends I have. Now this calculation before every step has deprived me of that vitality which made me so popular among my friends. So much so that now, even when he does not say anything, I am always tense, perpetually expecting a rebuke or a snub.

What bothers me more is that the same behaviour is now being extended to the children. When they were small he was not even aware of their existence, but now that they are grown up, he wants to regulate their lives too. Their friends are not allowed to visit them, and if they do so, they must be quiet, decorous. And they are never allowed to invite anybody for tea or lunch.

They cannot go visiting with my permission. He insists that they need his permission. In other words, he is trying to make it clear to them that their mother is a zero in the house, that she does not have sense enough to judge which children are desirable as friends and which are not.

His "friendships" are all outside the home. I do not feature in those. Sundays and holidays, he declared, were "sacred," that we should not plan going anywhere on those days because HE is at home. We felt happy. We would be able to do things together. But we found ourselves running at his beck and call the whole day and doing only the things he wanted. We even accepted it, but when it suited him he would just disappear without notice the whole day until late in the evening leaving us to the four walls of the house.

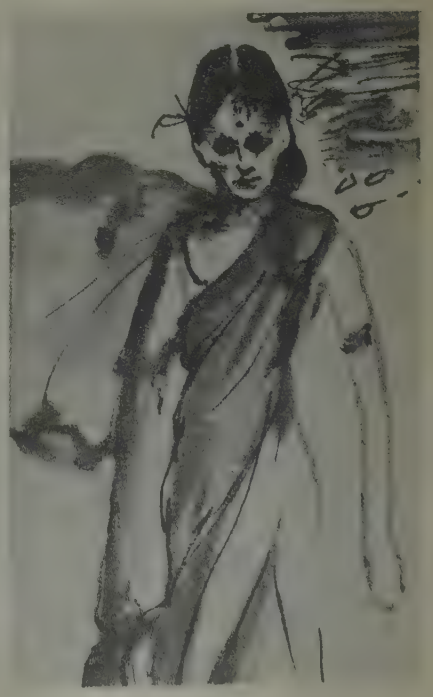
I am now tired of this dreadful life of total isolation. I am getting ready to make a small home, however humble, of my own. Within it there will pervade a spirit of sharing, of giving. And if a friend in need wants to leave her little son with me for a few days and if I can undertake to look after him along with my own children, I will be able to do so without fear of admonition from someone.

I may not socialize for months, but when I need to meet close friends I want to be able to do so in a spirit of freedom and sincerity. Until such time, my friend, I will not ask you to come and stay with me. Your friendship is too valuable for me to risk inviting you and hurting your feelings.

Do write back soon. I look forward to your letters. With much love to you and yours.

Your friend,
Sulabha

Mummy, why do we put ODONIL IN our cupboards also?
CAUTION
Beware of imitations
Odonil lavender
ODONIL
AIR PURIFIER & ANTI-MOTH
BALSARA
— FOR MODERN AIDS TO BETTER LIVING
BALSARA & COMPANY (PRIVATE) LIMITED
Because ODONIL drives away moths and cockroaches, makes sure our clothes stay fresh, fragrant and safe from insects.
● 30 times more powerful than naphthalene balls.
● Keeps the air fresh and fragrant in homes, especially in toilets
CHAITRA-BLS-186



Whether divorce is a good solution to the continuous and prolonged agony of marital discord is a debatable point. Nevertheless, Indian urban society is faced with a situation where more and more married couples are rejecting the belief that marriage ties are too sacred to be snapped. As a natural consequence, the cherished solidarity and stability of the family unit is being threatened and the problem of family break-up is increasingly becoming a complex social phenomenon as well as a personal problem.

BROKEN HOMES, PROBLEM

K. Nischol

Quite obviously no one emerges from a divorce unscathed. The adults involved are temporarily thrown out of gear and have to face a new set of problems in an, as yet, uncertain future. As regards the children involved, conviction is spreading that they are likely to be harmed mentally. Affected by the consequences of parental break-up, these children, it is felt, will in later life provide unhappy homes to their own children. If this be the truth then there is reason to believe as true the trite remark that "divorce is bad for children," or, "children from broken homes become delinquents."

MICRO STUDY

Concerned with determining whether deviant behaviour and/or poor school performance among children is a direct consequence of family disintegration, a micro study was recently conducted in Delhi.

A total number of 200 divorced women were interviewed — 38 per cent having no child and 62 per cent having one or more children. The ages of the children at the time of parental separation ranged from one month to 16 years. For this study only children whose age at the time of disintegration was eight years or more were interviewed. In several cases the observations of mothers were taken into account as the memory of children was vague.

It is difficult to draw conclusions on the basis of a limited study. However, certain indications are noted which perhaps could help in understanding the situation better.

At the outset it was noted that children from broken homes cannot be treated as a homogenous group. The age of the child at the time of break-up, the child's perception of the home situation before the disintegration, and the manner in which the parent having custody of the child copes with the situation, all tend to contribute towards the child's behaviour manifestations. Thus, there were certain children on whom family disintegration had hardly left any scars. In fact, they felt that their lives were better than during the constant tension-ridden atmosphere prevalent before the divorce.

ADVERSE REACTION

On the other hand, it is a child who having gone through the family break-up, may show signs of morbidity, even aggression. Nevetheless, where such behaviour existed, it was more on account of the lack of material rather than emotional security.

The aspect which had the maximum detrimental effect on the children was the non-willingness of either parent to give any explanation, let alone an adequate one, for the break up of the family. As expressed by several of them, "Parents seem to think that we can be fooled, but we know what is happening. But while we were not fooled, we could not understand the reason behind the break up of our home. We know something was in the air but how exactly our day to day living was going to be affected was not known to us nor were we prepared for it."

This state of confusion in which the children found themselves did create an acute sense of anxiety. Those who were very young felt completely lost. The agony of having their lives dislocated and the absence of predictable response from the parent led to their becoming fidgety and cranky. In certain cases withdrawal or regressive tendencies like thumb-sucking, bed-wetting and nail biting resulted, while several among them started having nightmares during which they dreamt of the loss of the parent with whom they lived. In such cases, the children demanded the physical presence of the parent during waking hours, which, of course, was not always possible.

Children who were slightly older reacted to the confused facts and feelings of the adults with a sense of fear and loneliness. Said one, recounting the past, "I felt very scared when I became aware that Daddy was no longer going to live with us. Later, my parents fought over my

custody, and time and again I was shunted from one place to the other. I felt disturbed and lonely as I seemed to belong nowhere and to no one. For two years, the only steady anchorage in my life was my school. I hated the thought of home as it was no home for me."

The feelings of this child are typical of children whose parents do not offer any explanation for the family break-up.

DIVIDED LOYALTIES

In those exceptional cases where parents had discussed the matter with their teenage children, emotional reactions were mixed. Going back to the past, a girl remarked, "My mother had discussed the matter with me and I knew why it was desirable for my parents to live apart. I felt immediately a sense of relief at the thought of a more peaceful home atmosphere. Later however, I started missing my father, but dared not talk about it for fear of annoying mother."

In such cases, while children did not suffer on account of an

"MY PARENTS FOUGHT OVER MY CUSTODY AND TIME AND AGAIN I WAS SHUNTED FROM ONE PLACE TO THE OTHER. I FELT DISTURBED AND LONELY, AS I SEEMED TO BELONG NOWHERE AND TO NO ONE." ONE AMONG THE MANY CONFUSING SITUATIONS BROUGHT ABOUT BY DIVORCE

unknown situation, their agony was great due to divided emotional loyalties. More often than not, mothers, while explaining the situation, tended to project an unfavourable image of the father, expecting the children to take sides. In the words of one child, "My father, I was told, was a drunken debauchee; but I had liked him and continued to miss him. Later, when I met him, he was different from what mother had said. I felt cheated, disliked my mother for giving me incorrect information, and felt depressed.

"Now it is too late to establish an independent relationship with my father as mother feels that any association with him is an indication of disloyalty towards her."

Thus, it is evident that whether explanations were withheld or partially given, the children's emotional growth was warped. All children involved in a divorce situation felt the need to know the reason for the prolonged absence of one parent. In their view, they not only felt confused but also rejected by the parent whom they did not see again. They obviously were not looking for lengthy explanations, but for factual and precise reasons for the new family set up. In due course, their own logic seemed to show them that the responsibility for separation lay with both parents. In fact, despite the coloured image of the absentee father, there was hardly one child who blamed the father exclusively for disintegrating the family.

Another factor adversely affecting the healthy emotional growth of children coming from disintegrated homes were the expressions of hostility and revenge by the mother towards the absentee father. Voicing such feelings in the presence of the children resulted in their developing a love-hate relationship with the father. As remarked by one teenager, "I was constantly in a state of conflict—if I expressed affection for father, my mother felt betrayed, while if I pretended indifference/hatred for father, I felt guilty of being dishonest because I continued to miss him. Unable to express my feelings frankly, I became withdrawn, indulged in fantasy and slowly lost my concentration on my studies."

Evident, therefore, is that greater than the risk of delinquency among children from broken homes, was the danger of impoverished personalities, at times revealing emotional disturbances. Can we, however, relate this solely to the family break up? Or should we adults do a little more heart searching regarding our own reactions in a situation incomprehensible to children?

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

By making the children pawns in their personal strife, the separated parents deprive them of the basic human need for emotional security. Although not openly expressed, almost all children covertly indicated their fears concerning the loss of the present parent and the unknown future with the absentee one The problems of sleep, unwillingness to go to school or to be away from the mother for any length of time, obviously stemmed from lack of emotional stability. Again, a false sense of duty towards the mother who supposedly had been a martyr in the situation will possibly affect the future adult relationships of the children. In all likelihood, their social life would be determined by the whims of the mother.

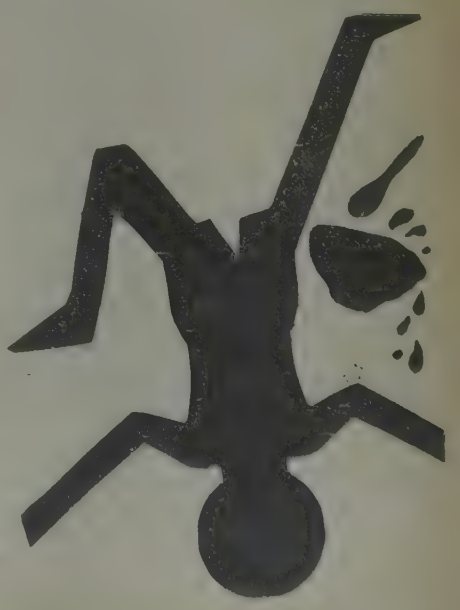
Apart from the emotional life, the area most affected by family disintegration was the social world of children. Surrounded by children living in two-parent homes, these children were made to feel different. Fear of ostracism drove many amongst them to resort to lies. In some cases the reason for the absentee father was that he transacted business abroad, in other cases he was dead, while in some others an uncle was passed off as a father. Hating, at times, to tell lies, these children tended to restrict their friendships to a limited few.

Adding to their own feelings of social inferiority were the reactions of friends and relatives who felt that deprived of male authority, these children would develop anti-social behaviour. Made to feel different from others, these children tended to withdraw from social gatherings. In fact, the study revealed that instead of displaying outer aggression like bullying, truancy, and vandalism, most children from broken homes had symptoms of inner aggression. Should we assign this phenomenon to divorce, or to the criticism and non-acceptance by society of the change in the family structure?

MALADJUSTMENT

The experience of family break up along with the emotional climate created by the parent with whom they lived, tended to influence the children's attitudes towards human relationships. A majority among those interviewed rejected the thought of marriage, apparently having lost faith in any human relationship having deep emotional bonds.

Judging by the limited study, one can say that divorce is bad for children, but family disintegration, per se does not always cause deviant behaviour among them. They would naturally be expected to feel insecure, but the adults around them, instead of helping them to regain emotional anchorage, fail to create the proper climate at home or outside. It is not as if the children are "problem children," but the situation around them is such that it can be conducive to social maladjustment.



OMVATI— A Child Without A Childhood

Razia Ismail

The sun has hardly risen, the birds are just beginning their morning song when Omvati gets to work with her broom. She swishes the dust and leaves and bits of waste paper along, from one gate to the other, and around the big old house. Her father is employed there as a sweeper; so is her mother. Omvati gets no pay — but she is the one who rises at dawn to sweep and clean and hurry about at everyone's bidding, because father has another job to go to and someone has to do his work at the big house. The employers do not really care; as long as the place is swept and the floors scrubbed. No one ever asks Omvati whether she cares about what she is doing.

She seldom looks happy as she goes about her duties, and she does not work very carefully. After the driveway and outside verandahs are swept, she must take a bucketful of water and a cloth and clean the inner courtyard. She does it all as quickly as she can, hoping that no one is watching too closely — and comes quietly back to do it again if someone spots a corner left uncleaned, a bit of rubbish left unswept.

Perhaps she wishes people would understand that she has to work fast — she is needed back in the family quarters behind the house, where her young brother and little sisters have to get ready for school. She has jobs to do there as well, helping to wash and dress them, feed them, find their books, and send them off down the lane to the primary school. She fingers the books sadly sometimes. Omvati cannot read, no one ever thought of teaching her.

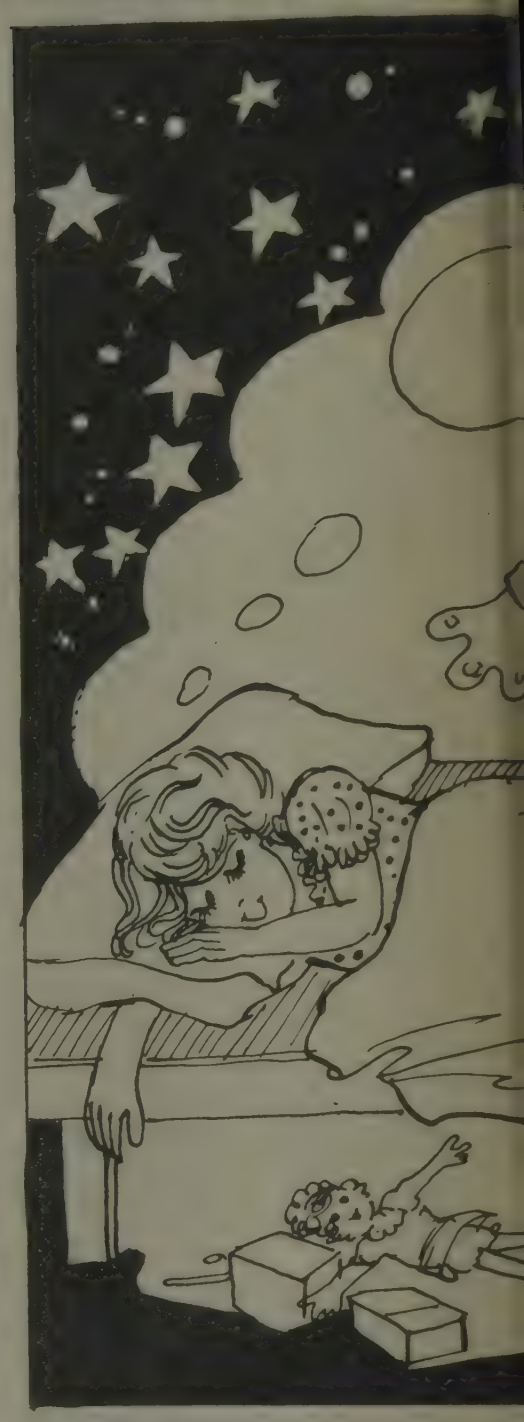
She is the firstborn child, but her parents had hoped for a son. Her three little sisters were also unwelcome, but at least two of them are going to school now. Her two brothers, one just after her, the other the youngest baby, are the important ones. They get the new clothes, the toys, the most attention. Omvati does not question it. But her youngest sister does, because the baby boy has taken her place. Omvati grumbles that this little girl "always follows" wherever she goes — but she never sends her away. She remembers how it feels to be displaced by a brother. She had no one to turn to when it happened to her, ten years ago.

Omvati is 13 now, and her mother talks about her marriage. Omvati smiles shyly when she is teased. What does she want? Sometimes she will say, "Give me an old suit of clothes." and when she gets it, she will coil her hair in a knot like a young woman. Sometimes she will ask, "Why can't I have a doll to play with?" Sometimes she will softly confide, "I also go to school." The primary school runs a part-time class in sewing and literacy. Omvati's mother encourages her to go — but the teacher does not come regularly.

There is little time for schooling anyway. There are too many other things to be done, and too many impatient people to please. By the time the sun sets, Omvati is like any other tired worker, hoping for a few hours of sleep before the whole round of duties begins again. Where has her childhood gone? Omvati looks surprised: "Am I a child?" she asks finally, and very seriously. Who can give her a truthful answer?

***Razia Ismail, a former journalist, is the Chief of the UNICEF Information Service in India.**

A LIZARD



Cookie stood in the balcony of the flat looking down at the road. But not really looking because she was crying. The tears poured down her small pale face. That was because she had been very sick. When she was well, she was a chubby little girl with a round brown face and black eyes like laughing buttons. Which was why her Mummy called her Cookie — brown and good enough to eat — straight from the oven!

But Mummy and Daddy were sick and so was her little sister Chini. So they had sent her to stay with Uncle and Aunty in Bombay. To be looked after properly. And they did. Except that they went to work every morning and came home only late at night. There was Lakshmi the old maid, but she slipped off to the market to chat with her friends as soon as they left. And Cookie was alone in the flat. With the lizards!

There was a great big fat one who sat right in the middle of the ceiling and stared at her with big glassy eyes and made her tremble. And another in the corner who was even bigger and fatter. He had eyes like huge marbles and a rough scaly skin. Sometimes ten or even more of them appeared, dotting the roof and leaping about in the most horrible way. Then Cookie crept under the bed clothes making herself sick and pale. Or she ran out on to the balcony. And cried bitterly, wanting to go home.

A week had passed since she came and every morning Uncle asked her worriedly if she liked it here. Being a polite little girl she said, "Oh yes!" But she looked so thin. and sad that he wondered. Sometimes she thought of telling him about the lizards. But suppose they took revenge on her? So she shivered and was silent.

With a great big sigh she went inside. Looking fearfully round the room, she caught sight of the familiar grey shape on the wall and jumped hastily into bed, but just as she was about to do so, a voice said "Cookie."

It was a soft, gentle voice, but there was no one in the room! Once more it came. "Cookie," it's me Fred." Emerging from the blanket she looked at the ceiling. It was the lizard that spoke!

"Don't be afraid of me I'm only a harmless old man; see, I'm just off to church." She looked timidly at him and gasped. For he was dressed in a little blue coat and pants with a small black hat on his head. On his nose was a dear little pair of spectacles with shiny gold rims. He looked so much like a friendly uncle.

Cookie quite forgot her fear and said to him, "Oh, why don't you always look like this?"

Fred grinned through his spectacles and said, "That's because of Lakshmi — she would tell everybody and so we choose only little girls to tell our secrets to."

CALLED FRED

Pointing his little stick upwards he said, "See that's where we live."

She looked and saw a large brown house with red bricks and polished wooden doors with gold knobs. Glass window panes shone brightly and through them she could see someone polishing briskly.

"Is that Mrs. Fred?" she enquired delightedly.

"Oh, she is always cleaning and scrubbing," grumbled Fred. She never has time to walk out with me."

"Ah, there's my daughter, Amy," he continued fondly. Bang went the door and out rushed a slender lizard in bright blue jeans with a saucy yellow top. "Hi there, Cookie feeling better?" she called and then with a merry wave she was gone, heels clacking hastily.

"Late as usual," said her father with a fond smile and added proudly, "Goes to college, she does."

A gnarled old head raised itself above the green fence to nod at the little girl. "That's old Henry, the gardener," introduced Fred. Cookie wondered how she could ever have feared that gentle old grey lizard in the corner of the roof.

Suddenly there was a noise at the door and they all vanished — the house, the neat little garden and the lizards. Lakshmi entered to sweep the room lazily.

"What's up with you Cookie?" she asked looking suspiciously at the little girl's flushed cheeks.

"Nothing Lakshmi," she said innocently.

Now Cookie began to improve slowly but steadily. She ate hungrily at meals and went happily to the beach with Uncle on Sundays. And she no longer looked woebegone when they left for work every morning.

"Why are you looking so sad today, Fred?" she asked one night for he looked a bit glum.

"Oh, it's nothing," said the good- natured fellow, "only a bit of worry about Amy."

He was sitting in an armchair in his garden, reading the morning paper. "She's in love with the wrong chap," he informed Cookie.

"Do you mean Tom?" By now she knew a lot about the family. Tom was an earnest young lizard who earned his living at a small garage. All day long he worked busily, dressed in greasy overalls. But in the evening he scrubbed himself clean, put on a neat grey suit and took Amy for a walk in the Lizards Park.

Cookie was puzzled. To her, Tom seemed a very nice young man and she could not see how Fred could object.

"No, no, I don't mean Tom," said Fred. "It's this new young chap she's met — a slippery fellow named Anthony Sneer. He's a fellow who's suddenly made some money and I don't like him." And he looked so worried that Cookie hastened to console him. "But it's Tom whom she really loves," she said, sure of this because she had been watching the pair.

"Yes, but this show-off Sneer has been turning her head — bringing her bunches of red roses and enormous boxes of spider chocolate."

When Cookie saw Amy's new young man she had to agree with Fred. Anthony Sneer wore a silky green suit and looked too smooth and sleek for her liking. He had a long thin face, a pointed nose and slightly big teeth which made him look very much like a rat. And Cookie wondered what Amy saw in him.

But there was one more thing adding to the trouble. Long ago Tom had promised to get Amy a brand of worms which she was especially fond of for dinner. But lately these had become so costly that poor Tom had not been able to afford them. And when after working overtime at the garage, he had saved some money, the worms had been sold out. Not a tin available anywhere and the unfortunate fellow was severely scolded by Amy. She even refused to speak to him. So Anthony Sneers got all her smiles and poor Tom went about with a face like a crushed cabbage. Cookie heaved a big sigh for him.

Sunday morning found Cookie curled up sleepily in bed for she had sat up half the night with Fred, gravely discussing the problem. She was quite one of the family now. As the sun shone down mischievously on her snub nose, she opened her eyes and remembered with a groan. On Sunday mornings, she had to have breakfast with her uncle and aunt. And her aunt though kind hearted, was a bore, always lecturing.

Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad if auntie had someone to cook the breakfast. She made it herself, and as she was rather short-sighted she often put sugar instead of salt and salt instead of sugar. This morning things were even worse than usual. The eggs were burnt and the tea had salt in it! "I have a special treat for you little girl," announced the muddleheaded old lady and brought out three battered tins of bacon. When they were opened, "Eeek!" Cookie screeched. Long worms wriggled in the bacon which was perhaps ten years old and had gone bad. Then Aunty tactfully took them to the kitchen and threw them into the dustbin.

It was only when they were sitting in the living room for a chat that Cookie remembered, and sat bolt upright. The worms! All those delicious worms which Amy loved so! With a murmured excuse about wanting some water she stole quietly to the kitchen. Tilting the worms onto a piece of brown paper, she wrapped them up and shoved the packed into the pocket of her dress. Just then the old lady entered and gazed primly at the small girl. "Good girls do not play with rubbish," she announced disapprovingly and poor Cookie emerged with very red ears into the living room.

That night she called Fred out from his dinner. "You look like a regular little Cookie now," said he and smacked his lips! Cookie giggled and asked where Tom was. Just then the doleful fellow came up the road. "Hi Tom, look what I've got for you!" called out Cookie eagerly. Two minutes later Tom was leaping up energetically into the air and his face looked like a very happy tomato! "So that's why lizards leap up into the air sometimes," thought Cookie as he ran off to wrap the worms in some pretty gift paper. How silly she had been to get frightened about leaping lizards! After all they had the right to jump for joy same as anyone else.

"Mummy and Daddy will be here tomorrow Cookie," said Aunty on Monday morning. Then she looked closely at her sleepy little niece. "What have you been doing all night? You better get some sleep. "Oh, I've only been to a wedding," said her niece to herself with a gleeful smile.

Amy and Tom had been married in the old Lizard's church while Anthony Sneers sat gnashing his teeth at home. Amy looked pretty in a pale yellow dress and Tom wore an elegant grey suit with a red rose in his button hole. A rich wedding supper had been made consisting of hot spider curry and insect pie "from my own special recipe," said Mrs. Fred proudly while Fred beamed fondly. Cookie, of course, hastily excused herself from having dinner on account of a painful tummy.

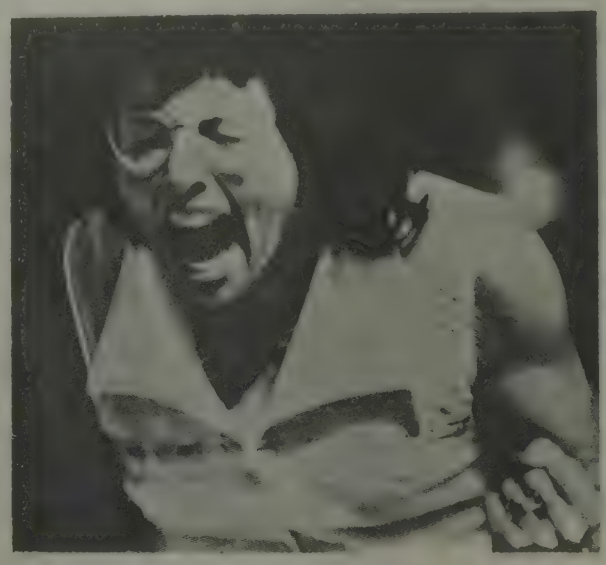
Then all the lizards had solemnly bid goodbye. "Please come again Cookie, we like you," they said to the kind-hearted little girl. And Tom handed her a posy of small white flowers.

Mummy and Daddy were surprised and happy to see their chubby little Cookie of old. "You seemed to have liked it here, perhaps you'd like to come again?"

"Oh yes," said their daughter with a vigorous nod grinning from ear to ear. And in a corner of the white ceiling a solitary lizard blinked down at them with bright eyes as if tears were about to fall from them.

Daksha Hathi

WOMEN IN SPORT



Billie Jean King — championing the women's liberation movement and demanding equal purses as men for women players and using her name to help the disabled.

THE WIMBLEDON

Shirish Nadkarni

Wimbledon, the tennis world's premier tournament, is a two-week competition that literally drips with tradition. Played on the grass lawns of the All-England Club, Wimbledon is one championship that all the best players in the world want to win, and for which they begin preparing months in advance that they may peak at just the right moment. The slightest bit of staleness or the tiniest of injuries on the part of a player can give a rival that slight extra edge; all are athletic, fit and rarin' to go!

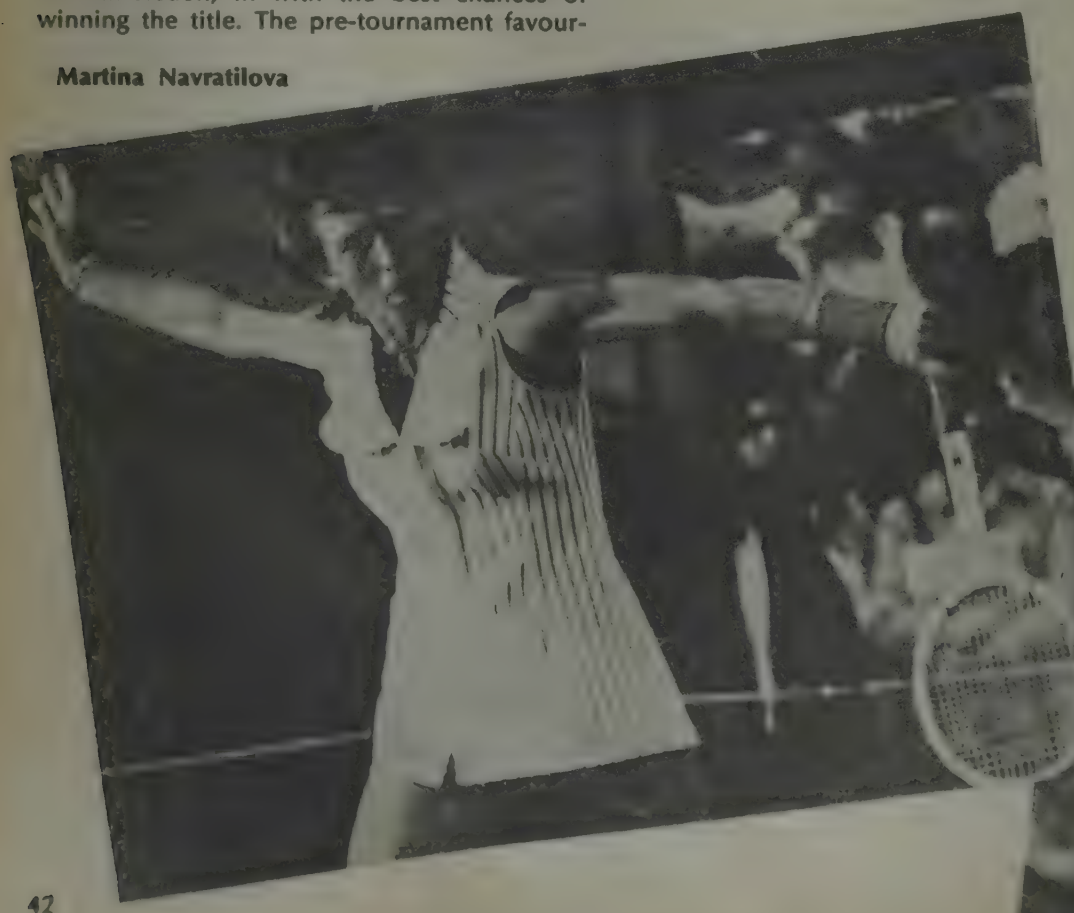
1979 marked the 102nd year in the history of the championships. Prize money, since the influx of professionals in 1968, has been on the increase year after year; and it came as no surprise that the winner's purse at Wimbledon was a record £20,000. It is pertinent to mention that prizes elsewhere, e.g. the Masters, can be larger, and can go even beyond the $1,00,000 mark, but Wimbledon's £20,000 top prize does not represent just a monetary carrot; it offers the winner a chance to be part of history. The Guinness Book of World Records does not bother so much about the U.S. Open, or the French Open, or the Masters; all pertinent records are connected inevitably to Wimbledon.

Ever since Billie-Jean King championed the cause of Women's Lib in the mid-sixties, and demanded equal purses as men for the women players, the amounts offered to women participants have been steadily increasing. This year's top prize was £18,000 — by itself a mute tribute to the success of Billie's efforts.

Who was the likeliest candidate to bag the glittering plate and the top cheque? From the form book, it was apparent that there were mainly three women, all former queens of Wimbledon, in with the best chances of winning the title. The pre-tournament favourite was American Chris Evert, who was married earlier this year to British Davis Cup player John Lloyd. Chris, the runner-up last year to Czech exile Martina Navratilova, had a fine record for the latter half of 1978 and the most part of 1979, after Martina had confounded all critics by winning the 1978 Wimbledon crown. Martina was second choice for the crown. The third was Australian aborigine Evonne Goolagong-Cawley, who had won the crown way back in 1971; and who had been having a fine run before June '79.

To briefly examine the rival merits of the three women. . .Chris topped the rankings for 1978, putting on a sprint in the closing

Martina Navratilova



Evonne Goolagong

WOMEN, '79

months, to end up with a record of 49 matches won, 3 lost, for a percentile ranking score of .942. Martina had a 77-7 record, playing almost all the major tournaments, for a score of .917. It was the Colgate final at Palm Springs last year that finally gave Chris the thinnest of razor edges over Martina. She downed the Czech girl 6-3, 6-3 with a display of patient, precise and powerful tennis. Martina, who has matured from being a highly talented but emotional and unpredictable player, to being one of the strongest women ever to play the game, seemed jaded; her backhand floated rather than whipped, her volleys lacked their characteristic punch. And, as John Lloyd, who flew in specially from London. watched the match, Chris gave one of her best exhibitions, to capture the top ranking for the fifth consecutive year.

After that great performance, Chris had said, "I'm a perfectionist. I try to perfect all those shots. I used to slave at individual shots until I got them just right. Now I'm not as intense as I was. It's true that my goal isn't to be No.2; I'd like to be No.1, but I don't know if I'm willing to take that extra step. I'm very happy."

Chris' record against Martina this year has been seven matches played, five won. But the fact that Martina had almost bridged the gap that yawned in the beginning of the year between the world's two top women was underscored in the Eastbourne finals, on grass, just weeks before Wimbledon. Chris downed Martina at 13-11 in the final set of a genuinely classic match, which could well have gone the other way. Chrissie said after it was over, "I'm a happier person these days, which seems to work against me; I've always played best when I was feeling negative about my life and invested all my emotions in tennis. And the girls are improving."

Yes; the girls were improving all right. There was always Evonne, capable at her best, of beating both Chris and Martina, with her special brand of sunny, uninhibited tennis. Evonne could well have won against Martina last year, when she was sitting pretty with a comfortable lead in the final set. A twisted ankle at this stage permitted a relieved Martina to scramble through. The Aussie was ranked third last year.

Two young American girls have also been capturing the hearts of spectators the world over. Both are 16, both play brilliant tennis; and both are potential champions — Tracy Austin and Pam Shriver. Tracy is a small-built girl, basically a baseliner cast in the mould of Evert. She is not particularly hot at the net, but from the back, she goes for the sidelines, and kicks up the chalk with as much vim as Chris used to do in the days when she was undisputed Wimbledon queen. This year, she was to ultimately have the honour of being the youngest player since 1957 to contest a Wimbledon semi-final. Only Christine Truman in '57 was a month younger; but then, Christine was a big girl, and had an aggressive game. "If Tracy fills out, and can put in a bit more of power into her serve, the Top Three are going to have their hands full in coping with her," writes Peter Bodo of "'World Tennis".

Pam, another exciting prospect, had to pull out of the 1979 Wimbledon after playing only one round. The recurrence of a shoulder injury sustained two weeks earlier forced her out on the sidelines. But is Pam as good as Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly or Chris Evert were at the age of 16? "No question," says her coach, Don Candy. "She's better. She has all the physical assets — the athleticism of Margaret Court, the disciplined, relentless, ground-stroking power of Connolly, and the mental toughness of Evert and Billie-Jean. But she's only 16, and hasn't even finished high school. She is carrying a heavy load. She will be playing the best players, and be expected to beat them. She can emerge as perhaps the greatest woman player of all time, or turn into just another good young player. The next six months will tell."

The toughness of Evert and Martina was eulogised by Betty Stove of the Netherlands, a losing finalist here in 1977 to Virginia Wade, and one of the most strongly built women on the pro circuit today. "Right now, Chris and Martina are far too good. The rest of us might get to the top, but we haven't shown that we can stay there. I know how tough Chris is; I've lost to her 19 times in a row. But", she adds, with a grim smile, "I won't quit the game until I beat her. My uncle put a bottle of champagne in the refrigerator a few years ago, and isn't going to open it until I beat Chris. I know it might be there for a long, long time, but I like champagne as much as anyone else!"

There was one more formidable woman in the draw, though she could not have been considered a big threat for the singles crown. Billie-Jean King, who shared the world record of 19 titles at Wimbledon, with Elizabeth ("Bunny") Ryan, was in quest of the 20th title that would have given her an exclusive world record. She last won the singles at Wimbledon in 1975 with a superlative display against Chris Evert; but since then., had been unable to win either a singles, doubles or mixed doubles title that would have given her the record. Bothered by injury right through last year, she had practically decided not to play singles this year at Wimbledon, but to concentrate her entire energies on the paired events.

A superb win over Navratilova a month before Wimbledon gave her the confidence and impetus necessary to enter the arena for singles as well. At 35, she has been still in

Pam Shriver

Tracy Austin

THE WIMBLEDON WOMEN, '79

the thick of things with a world ranking of No.5; and has not expressed any intention of hanging up her racket. It remained to be seen whether her doubles pairing with Martina this year would give her that much-wanted 20th title.

With this background, and in an atmosphere of pomp and pageantry typical of the championships, Wimbledon opened in the last week of June, to a spell of typical English weather. The sun relented on the second day, however, and came out in full splendour and the second day, normally slated for women's events, had to accommodate a number of first-round men's matches.

A most unusual sight presented itself at Wimbledon before the last-eight stage was reached. Billie-Jean, the militant pimpernel of Women's Tennis, was only indirectly involved, being the opponent of Linda Siegel, the heroine of the piece. American Linda strode on court wearing a borrowed halter-neck dress with a very low cut. Billie, in full swing, made her stretch for a shot, and, as Roland Kent put it, "an unusual amount of tennis player suddenly popped out on court in full view of surprised and delighted spectators." Linda hurriedly took corrective measures, but that did not prevent a full beautiful photograph of the shapely American girl appearing in the papers the next day, under the headline "Wimbledon or Bust!" It also did not prevent Billie-Jean from notching up a facile 6-1, 6-3 success.

Dark horse of the tournament, South African Greer Stevens gave Martina, bothered by a cold and a sore ankle, a good run-around for her money. Martina won the first set on the tie-breaker, lost the second in similar fashion, and narrowly squeaked through at 6-3 in the decider. Evonne Cawley had a bad time against Kathy May Jordan, while Tracy Austin was busy thrashing Virginia Ruzici of Rumania, voted by "Tennis" as the most improved player of 1978.

And so, on to the quarter-finals. Meanwhile, a wonderful treat was in store for Martina. The Czech girl had defected to the U.S. on the last day of the U.S. Open at Forest Hills in 1975; and had sought asylum in that country from the repression in her Iron Curtain'd home. Last year, after considerable efforts, her grandmother was permitted out of Czechoslovakia for several weeks to see Martina; this year, the reigning Wimbledon queen managed to get her mother Jana out of Czechoslovakia on a two-week exit visa, to see Wimbledon. The daughter derived additional inspiration to win the title once again while her mother found that the daughter had matured into a healthy, pretty young woman, and was proud.

So, while Jana watched, Martina fought off staring defeat against Aussie Dianne Fromholtz, who was up a set and had two break-points for a 4-3 lead in the second. The champion picked up her game to reel off a string of nine games and swamp the little Aussie.

Evonne was in her usual carefree stroking mood while accounting with the greatest ease of ease for the 1977 champion, Virginia Wade, 6-4, 6-0. It was a bitter disappointment for the British crowd to see their top player give in without a fight in the second set, but it wasn't totally unexpected, seeing Ginny's uncertain form right through the season. Chris Evert-Lloyd turned back Wendy Turnbull with an efficient display of sideline stroking.

But the quarter-final that had the crowd on its feet was the marathon, two-hour fight between Youth and Age. 35-year-old Billie Jean faced Tracy Austin, less than half her age. The first two sets were fairly even, with Billie staying in the match by taking the second from the little American on a tie-breaker. Billie punished Tracy's amiable second serve, but was a good yard slower than in her heyday. Billie was 2-0 up in the decider but then age took its toll. Austin's strategy of making Billie chase every ball from corner to corner for her points, finally paid rich dividends, as the teenager struck a purple patch, with six games in a row. A tired Billie uncharacteristically netted simple volleys because of that split-second lapse in timing and all the crowd's vociferous support could not help her break down Youth's edifice.

The semi-final encounter between Chris and Evonne petered out into a drab affair, with the Aussie aborigine just unable to capture that joyous spontaneity of strokeplay that is her trademark. There was no improvisation of dazzling shots, her forehand was all over the place, and her volleys had no bite at all. Chris, nervous at the start of the match, settled down to play with great skill and authority to make it at 6-3, 6-2 in an hour. Tracy, as expected, was no match for the powerful Navratilova in the other match.

And so, on to a repeat of last year's final.

The 22-year-old Martina was simply devastating. In just under an hour, she had her second consecutive Wimbledon singles crown wrapped up at 6-4, 6-4. Chrissie repeatedly overshot the baseline and made unbelievable errors. Martina had a record of dropping her first serve a lot in the course of the tournament, but it really boomed at the right moment in the final. That helped the Czech girl go after Chris, who could not shake off the nerves. Gone was the accolade "Little Miss Icicle" that she had earned in her earlier years and of being the female counterpart to "Ice-Borg". When she was tentative, she lobbed; and that was fatal against a player who has an unerring overhead smash.

The last day at Wimbledon was clouded over in more senses than one. Apart from the sun going into the clouds, gloom prevailed among the players after hearing of the death the previous evening of 'Bunny' Ryan, who had held the world record for most wins at Wimbledon. The 85-year-old American first won at Wimbledon in 1914; and in a remarkable career spanning a full decade, won 18 more titles until 1934. Bunny was purely a doubles player, though; she won 12 women's doubles titles with five different partners (including six with Suzanne Lenglen) and 7 mixed doubles titles with five partners. It was the strangest coincidence that Bunny died with her record shared, but not broken: Billie Jean King had equalled the mark in 1975.

24 hours later, Billie Jean and Martina beat Wendy Turnbull and Betty Stove in the women's doubles final, to give Billie individual possession of the world record of 20 wins at Wimbledon; six singles, 11 women's doubles and three mixed doubles. Each year after 1975, Billie Jean had come to Wimbledon in quest of that elusive 20th crown, but had been balked at the tape on more than one occasion. This time, she shrugged off a groin injury in one of the earlier rounds, to get to her mark.

"Her death has taken away some of the joy of winning," Billie said after the match. "I have known her since I was a kid. I grew up in California where she lived. She used to come and watch the juniors play. She was a great lady." It was yet another strange coincidence that both women were born in the Los Angeles area, about 20 miles and half a century apart — 51 years, to be exact.

The 20th title was a fitting reward for the gritty American, who had been honoured earlier this year by the Washington Area Tennis Patrons' Foundation, which had given Billie its annual service award, citing her as the person "who has done more for the cause of women's tennis than any person in the world."

The final act at Wimbledon, 1979 was over. The spectators had thrilled to the drama overt and hidden: shared the agony and ecstasy of the players who had given their blood, toil, tears and sweat on the hallowed grass with a century-old tradition. The curtain had come down on the annual pageant, felt by many to be the greatest spectacle on earth.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ NO. 2 OF THE NEW SERIES

1. Mr. Joe Clark, Dr. Karl Carstens
2. Columbia and Eagle
3. Boyle's Law
4. Grover Cleveland, the only President who served two terms, separated by another President.
5. Mother Teresa.
6. Adi Shankaracharya.
7. Bangladesh and Burma.
8. The Nobel Prize given in 1954.
9. Mrinal Sen.
10. Cassius Clay, now Mohammed Ali.
11. Nikita Khrushchev.
12. Don Quixote de la Mancha.

As 36 readers have sent in all-correct solutions, we regret that space does not permit our printing all their names. The prize money of Rs. 200 will be divided equally among the winners.

PASSING THROUGH

GUDRUN LEITOLF

IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

On a brief visit to Bombay recently was the press attache at the German Embassy in New Delhi, Gudrun Leitolf. Gudrun has been in India for a year now, on her first assignment abroad, and she speaks enthusiastically about her job, and says she has no regrets about accepting a posting which, she had been cautioned, might present some problems.

Gudrun was born in the German province of Bavaria. After University, she trained in Law, but though she is a full-fledged lawyer, she has never practised. She entered the German Foreign Service in 1971 and has made a successful career of it. She was in Paris with UNESCO for a few months, but this is her first proper posting abroad.

Did she feel at all disadvantaged being a woman and having to make a way for herself in this prestigious and highly competitive career? "Not at all," said Gudrun decisively. "The German Government encourages career women. A high standard is set and you have, of course, to live up to that." But the drop-out rate for women, she continued, was rather high. "It is a job that requires a great deal of mobility, transfers and so on, and married women with families cannot cope, so that there is a drop-out rate of, at a rough guess, I would say as much as fifty percent."

As a woman she has found it easy working here too, she said. She was surprised to see how many women worked in India and how self-reliant they were. She

was shrewd enough however to realise that this applied to only one type and class of women, and that emancipation hadn't really filtered down to all levels of society.

"I have met conservative non-working women who tell me that they are the 'queens in their own households' and that their liberation is not of the western kind, but I wonder how true or effective that kind of liberation is," she says thoughtfully. She does not think that Western style emancipation should be slavishly copied, because here conditions and the whole social set-up are different, and those differences should certainly be taken into account.

Since her work involves dealing with the Press, what did she think of journalism in India? Surprisingly, Gudrun says she finds it very sophisticated and of a high calibre. "There are a lot of women in the field, particularly in magazine journalism. There is a need for magazines which deal more with political and social issues. Cookery and beauty and so on should not be given undue importance."

Gudrun has travelled quite extensively in India, even though she hasn't been here very long. She has toured much of South India the northern beauty spots and the Andaman Islands.

It is heartening to meet someone like Gudrun Leitolf who is interested in everything about the foreign country she works in, but who displays neither the woolly-headed romanticism nor the whining dissatisfaction about everything, which can be so tiresome.

S. G.

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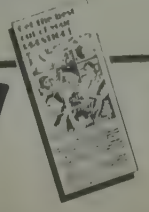
FREE!  **"GET THE BEST OUT OF YOUR PRESTIGE" FOLDER**

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Francois Copper

A hungry stomach has no ears.

Jean De La Fontaine

The best regular exercise is a strong push with both hands away from the dinner table.

Dr. J. Lance Burn

The belly is ungrateful — it always forgets we already gave it something.

Russian Proverb

A modern wife knows her husband's favourite food — and which restaurant serves it.

Anonymous

THE THINGS THEY SAY ABOUT FOOD

I eat merely to put food out of my mind.

N. F. Simpson

A fig for your bill of fare; show me your bill of company.

Jonathan Swift

Gluttony is an emotional escape, a sign something is eating us.

Peter De Vries

Food is not merely fuel shovelled in the boiler to keep the works going; food has to satisfy our senses of sight, smell and taste; to give our highly developed nervous system that measure of relaxation and enjoyment which we often need even more than the physiological supply of carbohydrates, proteins and vitamins.

Andre Simon

Cheese — milk's leap towards immortality.

Clifton Faliman

A meal is not simply food but also the spirit in which it is eaten. Mealtimes should be the occasions for the happiest kinds of exchanges and learning — for cheerful, not solemn, communion. A bad meal can be redeemed by good conversation, but a good meal can be irretrievably ruined by bad conversation.

Ashley Montagu

All's good in a famine.

Thomas Fuller

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

"DIVORCE" : A Happy Happening

Shatrughan Sinha's films, from "Gautam Govinda" to "Heera Moti", are flopping steadily, but off screen Shatru has lost none of his robust looks, sense of humour or warmth. He looked very appetising at the muhurat of N. P. Kothari's "Divorce". Generally everyone looked nice, as the muhurat was at night, in Sun-n-Sand Hotel, with the monsoon winds adding extra zip. The film has Sharmila Tagore (yes, she is still around), Girish Karnad, Vijayendra and Jasmin. Sharmila did not turn up. Girish came but went unnoticed in a white shirt and grey pants. Vijayendra carried his charm packet and knelt in front of all the journalists. He has developed this style of kneeling on the floor instead of dragging an extra chair, then he talks like J. Om Prakash :

Shatrughan Sinha and Vijayendra at the "Divorce" party.

"I need your blessings ji," etc. That evening his main asset was his beautiful sister, a student of Eliphinstone College. Vinod Khanna decided to be her guardian angel and looked after her.

Jasmin with her "discoverer" N. P. Kothari.

Jasmin, Kothari's discovery, is nothing much to look at, may be she has some hidden talents revealed to Kothari alone. Her diction is equally bad, and she calls everyone uncle and aunty, except Kothari of course. The party was very enjoyable because it was compact. Usha Khanna, Shatru, Nida Fasli (the hot selling lyric writer), Vittalbhai Patel, Kamleshwar, made my night very interesting, and we never ran short of amusement as K. K. Shukla decided, rather pretended, to get drunk. He ripped open his shirt buttons to the navel, and stood at every corner declaring love to no one in particular, a sort of a self-appointed Rasputin. When not in chains (Daisy Irani) KK really barks.

* * *

And Rajesh Khanna continues to get his pets married. This time it was more out of duty than showmanship. Bit player Shashi Kiran's (of Rajesh's retinue) marriage was celebrated with a daru party at Sun-n-Sand. The wedding card, unlike Dheeraj Kumar's, had no star names, but Shatru (his ex-boss) was very much there, and Danny Denzongpa presented the couple with an all-paid honeymoon within India. At the party, Shashi Kiran, like Dheeraj Kumar, supplied me with details like : Chintu tied the sehra, Rajesh came to the wedding, and though the wedding was at Arya Samaj (the bride is a Christian), Shashi Kiran ultimately rode the ghodi, etc.

* * *

"What will Yusuf, producer-cum-secretary, do if 'Chakravyuha' clicks?" asked one of Rajesh's buddies. "He will buy an extra tin of talcum powder, pour it over his face, neck, eyebrows, eyelashes, look chakaachak and get extra helpings of dal, rice and ambaa achaar." "No," said the buddy, "he will go and sign Amitabh for his next picture."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

In the recently concluded 1979 Clio Award International Competition for advertising excellence worldwide, comprising 11,000 entrants from 48 countries, Metal Box Company of India, won the coveted CLIO AWARD for the 3rd time in succession for their entry in Packaging Design entitled "Coffee/Tea-Old Calcutta-tea". Two more entries of Metal Box Co., also reached the Finalists stage and won Certificates of Merit.

Other India Finalists, who also won certificates of merit are: Shilpi Advertising Limited and Extrusion Processes Private Limited. All the entries were judged in New York during preliminary judging, by New York's leading Creative Advertising Professionals. The Finalists judging sessions were held in 26 centres around the world including Bombay, where 25 top Indian Ad Professionals acted as judges.

* * *

An excitement splashed international evening entitled "All the World's A Carousel" was held at the Oberoi Towers in the Regal Room. The decor was based on the Carousel theme, with flags and costumes of various countries complementing the cuisine of seven nations and participation from various international airlines and some consulates.

The Reno Brothers, a singing, swinging duo who sang in several languages including Italian, French, German, Arabic, with a Hindi song also thrown in, kept the audience totally engrossed throughout the evening. The "Sega Dance" of Mauritius presented by Astad Deboo and six lovely female dancers had some of the audience on the floor in spontaneous participation.

This event was Entertainment Part IV in a series of special happenings held recently at the Oberoi Towers such as "The Black and White Extravanganza", "Summer On The Rocks", "High In Hawaii", under the guidance of Jeannie Naoroji, whose name is synonymous with fashion shows in India.

* * *

The Indian Cancer Society conducted a one-day facility visit for the press to the Tata Memorial Centre, Parel. The places visited were Tata Memorial Hospital, the Cancer Research Institute and the Radiation Medicine Centre. Also included were the Indian Cancer Society's Rehabilitation Workshop and the Cancer Registry.

* * *

The Theatre Training Centre, a non-commercial academic institution conducts a three month training course at Kirti College, Dadar, from August 5 to November 5 every year. Instruction is imparted in different aspects of the art, the emphasis being on acting and direction. A play is staged at the end of the course as part of the curricula.

Dr. K. R. Sawant, the director of the centre, conducts a course including practicals. Certificates are awarded to successful students. Admissions are open at Kirti College everyday between 6 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. The last date is 1st August.

* * *

An exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Nandini V. Podar, will be inaugurated by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali at the Taj Art Gallery on Tuesday July 31, 1979, at 6 p.m. The entire sale proceeds of the paintings will be donated to the Children's Aid Society.

The exhibition will be open for one week.

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1. At an international evening entitled "All the World's A Carousel" held at Oberoi Towers, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Deepa Puri; Mr. Henning Kuhrt of Chikka India Ltd.; Mr. S. Edwards, Manager, British Airways; Mr. H. Kalb, Manager, Lufthansa; Mrs. Molly Bales, MD, Bales Tours, London; Mr. A. Siddiqi, General Manager, Oberoi Towers; Mrs. G. Martin, wife of the Manager, Panam; and Mr. R. Puri, Air India.

2. Mr. Pundalik Mahale, well known portrait painter, makes paper and cloth flowers in a matter of minutes. Here, he is seen presenting them to Hema Malini.

3. Mrs. Lizzy Thomas, incoming President of the Calicut East Inner Wheel Club, installing the incoming Secretary, Sulochana Bhaskar, at Hotel Maharani.

CALCUTTA

The Inner Wheel Club of South Calcutta held their annual function at the Jawaharlal Shishu Bhawan. The Inner Wheel Club's outgoing President Mrs. Sadhana Bagchi installed the new President, Mrs. Reba Bhattacharya and gave an account of the various kinds of social work undertaken by them, especially those concerning underprivileged children.

The Chief Guest, Mrs. Tapati Mookerji, spoke on children's welfare schemes, with reference to the International Year of the Child.

* * *

An exhibition of old engravings and aquatints on Indian subjects by three British artists, H R. Colebrooke, J. W. Edy and James Junt was held at the Academy of Fine Arts. The exhibits showed a keen sense of observation, and an authenticity of feeling in the depiction of the varied Indian scenery.

* * *

Girish Karnad, playwright, director and actor, delivered the first annual Ritwik Ghatak Memorial Lecture, organised by the Cine Club of Calcutta. The theme of Mr. Karnad's lecture was 'Caste conflict in the Indian Cinema'

The Bengal Film Journalists' Association hosted a reception for Mr. Karnad where he met the Calcutta film press, film critics and artistes.

LUCKNOW

Mrs. Samba Padmachandran was elected President of the Lion Ladies Club of Cannanore. Mr. K. S. Panchanath, past Lions District governor addressed the gathering. Mrs. Padmachandran announced the donation of a sewing machine to poor women under the club's self-employment scheme and Rs. 100 to a blind man to buy books children.

CALICUT

An American couple, Scarlet O Hara Bill and James Bill gave a captivating performance of Spanish songs and dances at Hotel Clarks. Mrs. Bill performed a variety of dances which included traditional Spanish numbers as well as Hawaiin dances, all of which were performed on a wooden plank. The performance was remembered for its vigorous ease and skill, the result of 20 years of training. Mr. Bill, at one time, a member of the White House band, plays the trumpet at each of his wife performances.

* * *

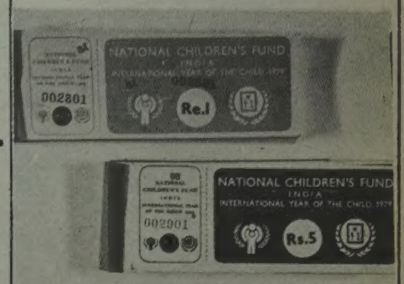
Mrs. K. C. Mittra held an exhibition of articles made from waste materials and other castaways at Bal Bhavan. The handicrafts exhibition included articles useful for the household, as well as other pieces to be used as decoration items.

IYC COUPONS

A country-wide sale of coupons in aid of the National Children's Fund has been set up as part of the International Year of the Child.

The coupons are in the denominations of Rs. 10/-, Rs. 5/- and Re. 1/- and will be on sale at banks only.

The Fund has been set up under the aegis of the Prime Minister's National Relief Fund and will promote child health, nutrition, education, medical services etc.



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4. At the fifth anniversary of the Central Reservation Service of ITDC held in Hotel Ranjit, Delhi, are seen (from left) Mrs. Hira Chandran, Regional director, Govt. of India Tourist office, Northern region; Mr. P. Khanna of Travel World; Miss V. Maneklal, Controller, Central Reservation Service, Mr. R. Shad of Hotel Ranjit and Mrs. R. Bhatia of Bird Travels.

5. At the inauguration of the Inner Wheel Club of South Calcutta are seen (from left) Mrs. Tapati Mookherji, Chief Guest; Mrs. Supriya Singha, Hon. Secretary; Mrs. Sadhana Bagchi, past President; and Mrs. Reba Bhattacharjee, incoming President.

6. "Think", a booklet of Sincere publications was released at a function in Ahmedabad. Seen (from left) are Mrs. K. Vyas; Mr. Mahendra Raval, editor; Chief Justice Mr. B. J. Dewan, Gujarat High Court; and Mr. V. B. Bhatt.

6

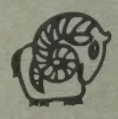
THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JULY 29 — AUG. 4,
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A busy but fortunate twelvemonth ahead both in business and personal life. Vitality will be high — your sex appeal too — and you will enjoy both work and play. Don't be afraid to change course in the near future if your intuition agrees with current conditions. Travel is well starred, could be connected with working life, but will throw you together with people in the mood to flirt. There is an important accent on friendships; it could be a case of "who you know" being more useful than "what you do." You will find plenty of help if you have a specific ambition in mind. Domestically, there will be a rise in your standard of living if this has not already occurred. Beauty-wise, don't over-indulge the generous hospitality you are certain to be offered!

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Good things come your way this week, a lot depending on your own receptive attitude. Make sure you look your best at all times if heart-free. In working life, don't slack off. You are in a promising phase for romance.

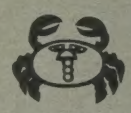
TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

A generally favourable time for domestic matters, good for buying or selling property. If you need a second opinion, choose a relative rather than a friend. A sudden encounter will be lucky for you — could be business or romance.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

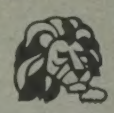
Life should soon settle down to a more tranquil tempo. Yet, you should have done yourself some good under vigorous stars. Over the next few weeks you will find yourself moving around in fresh circles and this will prove fortunate for you.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)



A relaxed week, but a busy period begins soon. Meanwhile, get ahead with routine work and duty visits, try to streamline working life to the essentials. Involvement with trivialities could hamper progress later.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)



Your main hopes and wishes get a boost any time from now if this hasn't happened already. You are proceeding along the right lines. Ask favours this week, push your luck. Mercury stays in your sign throughout August, so expect to be very busy.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Luck is with you careerwise, so you can change course or adapt plans should the occasion arise. Be patient, everything should sharply uptrend for you later in 1979. Plans will soon move forward and this week you will be helped by a friend.

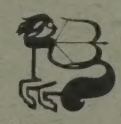
LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

The accent is mainly on the fun scene at present. If you are anxious for a change, don't push, but wait now until after the 8th before making an extra effort. This date brings Mars on to the Midheaven of your Solar chart — a good influence for worldly ambitions.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

A nicely balanced week to suit your liking for an orderly routine. There are happy trends for both work and play. You will be on your toes, expanding ambitions for the future. This week is particularly favourable for travel.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

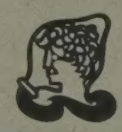


Fiery Mars will shortly move out of opposition to your sign — the last of adverse transits which have brought minor problems into your life over the past few weeks. However, extra work and responsibility will not have been wasted effort.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

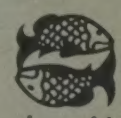
This week you concentrate on future financial security. A good time to consider a new saving scheme. Your finances will improve now, and there will be a more affectionate attitude from people close to you. But a strenuous period is just beginning.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



The next several weeks will be hard-going. Mercury in opposition makes for a restless, sometimes confused, atmosphere. Keep personal relationships running smoothly, but these problems will lead to better conditions later on.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



You are in a light-hearted period when friends will be much in the picture, the social scene holding much scope for romantic meetings. But be careful not to accept too many commitments that you may not be able to manage at a later date.

Eve's Weekly

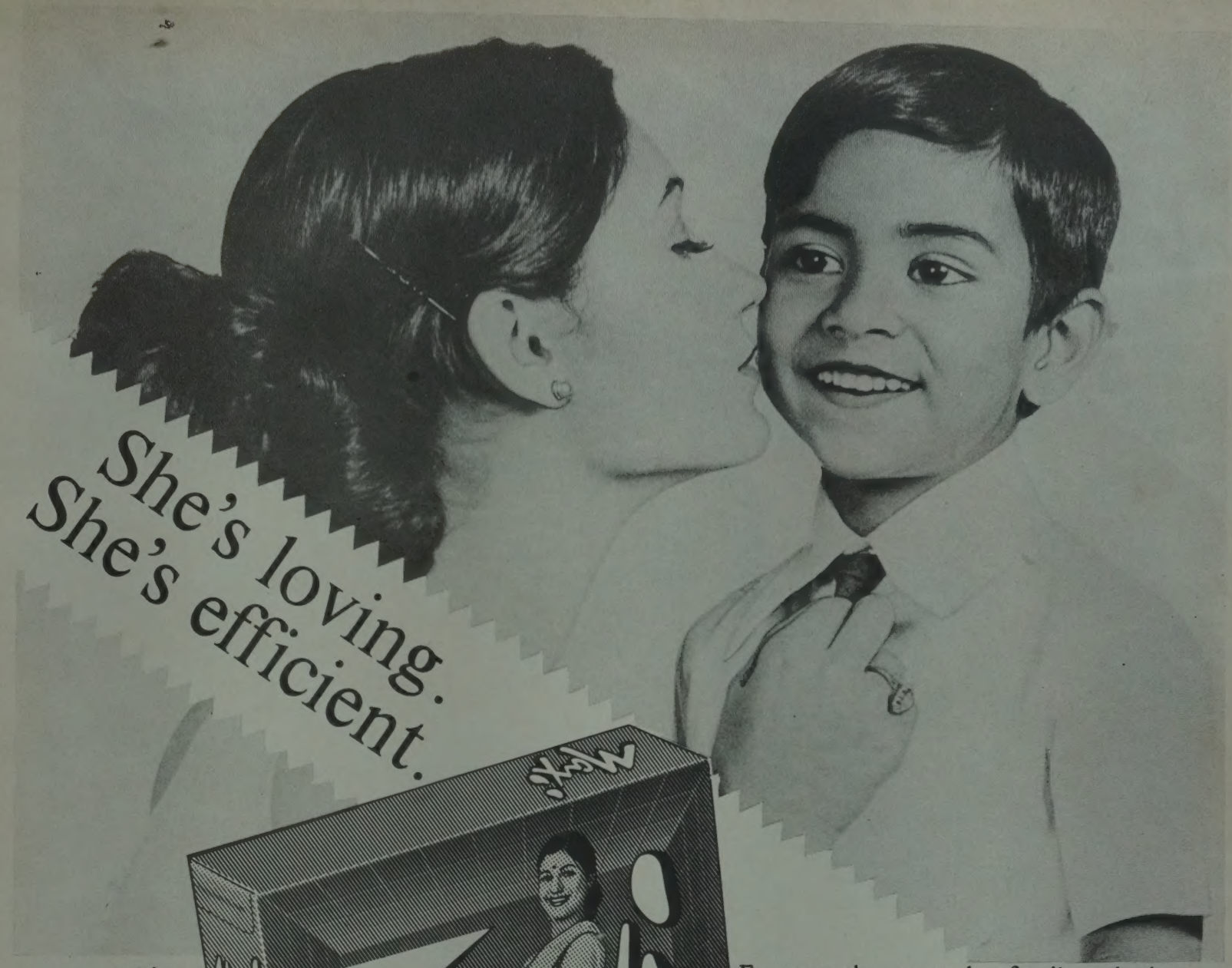
Quiz: NEW SERIES No. 3

"HEGMAN"

1. In which European capital did President Jimmy Carter of the U.S. and President Leonid Brezhnev of the U.S.S.R. sign SALT II?
2. Which young tennis star won the junior singles title at the French Open Championships this year?
3. Which object in space is surrounded by a layer known as the Chromosphere?
4. Why is the fourth of July a special day to an American?
5. Two famous Hollywood stars died recently. One, "The World's Sweetheart," the other nicknamed "Big Duke." Name them.
6. Name the four countries that border Israel.
7. The French gendarme wears a special type of hat. What is it called?
8. What is the name of the largest asteroid?
9. Which country's Parliament is called Riksdag?
10. Name the British Queen who fought the Roman legionaries and sacked London town. (Though not exactly British, she's now considered a daughter of Britain, and is displayed on a pack of playing cards.)
11. Pope Paul VI was born Giovanni Battista Montini. Who was born Josef Broz?
12. Name the Russian physiologist best known for his experimental work on conditioned reflexes in animals. Name the Russian cosmonaut who was the first man to walk in space.

This is the third quiz of our new series carrying a prize of Rs. 200 for the winner — the person who sends an all-correct solution. If more than one do so, the prize money will be divided between them. The deadline for the answers is August 9, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please write "Quiz No. 3" on the envelope.



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